

COLLEGE FOOTBALL '79

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 10, 1979

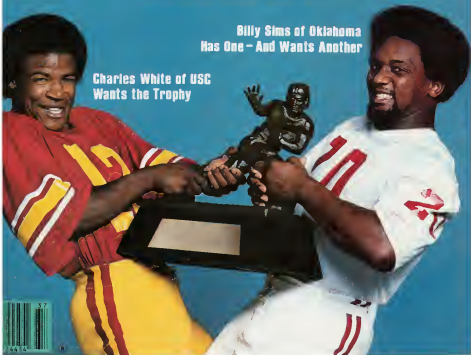
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KNUTE ROCKNE: Legend and Reality / SCOUTING REPORTS: The Top 20 Teams

HEY, MAN, THAT'S MY HEISMAN!

**Billy Sims of Oklahoma
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**Charles White of USC
Wants the Trophy**





Painting by David Schenck

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In the future, in magazine pages like this, we will be looking at issues like Access to Life Extension, the Social Implications of Changing Family Forms, the Effects of Over-Crowding, Communications and Culture in the Future, Social Values and Market Economics, Environmental Planning and Resource Allocation, Growth and Alternatives to Growth, and other issues that will impact the generations to come.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JULIANO: HE'S SPORTS' LEADING 'ROCKIE'

Notre Dame's Knute Rockne is a legendary figure, but, as with many great men, the truth of his life has been obscured by the haze of time and the excesses of image-making. To distinguish the real Knute Rockne from the mythical version, Senior Writer Coles Phinizy interviewed many of the Rock's former players and contemporaries and pored over a trove of information in Notre Dame's International Sports and Game Research Collection.

INSPORT, as it is known, was founded in 1966 and is located in the basement stacks of the Notre Dame library. Phinizy spent more than two weeks perusing Rockne material with INSPORT's curator-researcher Herb Juliano and former curator Donald (Chet) Grant. The 87-year-old Grant was particularly helpful, because he was a quarterback for Rockne in 1920 and '21. Phinizy emerged from the stacks with the makings of the revealing two-part story on Rockne that begins on page 98.

INSPORT may be the most comprehensive collection of sports research materials in the country. It contains half a million books, periodicals, tapes and artifacts, many of them from the early 1800s. Among the most interesting to Phinizy was a recording of a fiery Rockne locker-room pep talk. He also sifted through countless biographies, periodicals and letters dating back to Rock-

ne's undergraduate days (1910-14).

Despite its vast size, INSPORT is virtually a one-man show. Juliano, a former minor league third baseman, handles all contributions and requests for information, which pour in from all over the world. On his desk recently was a pile of queries, including one from Rio de Janeiro, where a Ph.D. candidate is researching the psychology of sport, and Kilmarnock, Scotland, where a local judge is interested in the history of curling. In the same batch was a request from Father Joe McGinnity of Oak Lawn, Ill. requesting data on his cousin, the remarkably durable major league pitcher of the early 1900s, Iron Man Joe McGinnity.

When Juliano became curator in July of 1975, INSPORT was not as comprehensive as it is today. He improved it considerably by flying to Los Angeles and purchasing the million-volume Goodwin Goldfaden-ADCO Sports Book Exchange collection. A month later Juliano and six Notre Dame students returned to L.A. to load the 56-ton library into 2,300 crates and then onto three 40-foot semi-trailers. "It took us two years to make sense out of it," says Juliano. "After sorting out and selling duplicate copies we retained only about a third of the original collection. But the acquisition put us in a different ball park."

Juliano emphasizes that "the key words in our title are 'international' and 'research.' We are not a museum or a sight-seeing stop. We're a research facility dedicated to developing the study of sport in the context of the dominant themes and issues of our society and as a genuinely international branch of scholarship. I am here because I believe in the importance of sport."

What dusty volume or ancient artifact might make Juliano's prized collection even better? "More than anything else," he says, "I'd love to have a full-time assistant."

Herb F. Juliano

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BOOKTALK

by FRANK DEFORD

TWO CONTRASTING VOLUMES PORTRAY TENNIS LONG PAST AND TENNIS TODAY

No sport has changed quite so much in the recent past as tennis, and no two books illustrate the changes so well as two disparate volumes. *Nasty, five Nastase vs. Tennis*, a biography of that contemporary gentleman by Richard Evans, and *A Handful of Summers*, an informal, episodic memoir of longed times past, by Gordon Forbes, who was a journeyman South African player two decades ago.

Evans, a British journalist, appears to know Nastase every bit as well as Forbes knows Forbes. No tennis writer has stayed quite so close to the modern game as the dapper Evans. Indeed, so close is he to his subject that, while he can be professionally critical of Nastase, minutiae and gossip get as much attention as more substantial matters. For goodness' sake, at one point Nastase's computer horoscope is reprinted verbatim. Evans could have profited by having an Ion Tiriac, for an editor.

Evans' Nastase comes across as a likable chap, a victim of loneliness and bad advice and too much tennis—all the polluted effluence of the modern game. Nastase is, in this view, a tragic product of his environment. Another major failing of this often splendid study is that Evans neglects to deal sufficiently with Nastase's pivotal loss to Stan Smith in the '72 Davis Cup final round. With Nastase playing before his hometown Bucharest fans, that match should have been the crowning moment of his career. Since then, Nastase has been an artist without portfolio. Somehow his boorish antics would seem more justified if they were the consequences of defeat, if it was not merely jet lag that had done him in.

Ah, but what a wonderful time life would have had in the tennis world that Forbes writes about. It's fun to be reminded how quaint it all was. Forbes writes well, too. Rod Laver, always so bland, has never come across more fully. In the delightful sketches of Don Candy, Pam Shriver's coach, we can see why she has coped so well at such a young age. And nothing is more poignant than Forbes' memories of his sister Jeanne (long since Mrs. Cliff Drysdale), who was the Tracy Austin of her own summer and a has-been the very next, at age 16. "I wish I could remember why it was that I used to want so badly to play!" she says to her brother. Jeanne still had all the strokes, only there was no more game. I think she may have said it for all the phenoms everywhere. And maybe, it occurred to me, that is what Nastase might say, too—if he were to write his epitaph.

END



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Footloose

by ROBERT F. JONES

FOR TROUT TRY PATAGONIA, BUT FOR SCHLOCK, CROTON RESERVOIR IS TOPS

Two mallards, drake and duck, plop off the bank and paddle unhurriedly out toward the fogbank. I pause on the rutted trail, shoulder-deep in poison ivy and brambles, to watch them go. In the magnifying pallor of first light, they look the size of Canada geese, when they reach the fogbank, they seem bigger than swans. When they emerge from it, no doubt they will appear to be as big as pterodactyls.

The water is warm and greasy to the touch as I step in. No fancy, felt-soled waders are necessary at this time of year, just cheap sneakers and Levi's, a faded work shirt and a stained fishing vest shaggy with dry flys. Polaroids and a straw hat (for liner in the day when the sun burns through), plus a 6-foot, ultralight fly rod—two ounces of whippy glass mounting a five-weight line—complete my

outfit. Now I'm ready to go schlock fishing.

Most serious anglers would never demean their tackle or sully their reputations with so frivolous a sport. Indeed, the word "angler" denotes a pious dedication to the pursuit of nobler quarry than I have in mind. A proper angler seeks the Waltonsian virtues: trout and salmon, bass and muskellunge, tarpon and permit, bonefish and billfish. Though I have fished for those species, I would rather fish schlock any day. And during the early weeks of summer I usually do.

The schlock (*Pisces Americanus Low-browii*) comes in many shapes, sizes, colors and habitats. More often than not he looks like a bluegill, but occasionally he might be confused with a pumpkinseed or a redbreast sunfish. At other times he assumes the form of the popper-busting black crappie. Now and then, particularly if taken from the edges of a submerged stone wall, you would swear he was a rock bass. The one thing consistent about him, the aspect of his precise personality that keeps my interest in schlock fishing as a rolling ball year after year, is his unflinching voracity in the presence of a dry fly. He will drift up under it like a miniature, gaudily painted hot-air balloon, eye it steadily for a moment or two as if checking for booty

traps, and then snap it up with a sound resembling a small boy popping bubble gum. Crack! The tiny barbless hook snags home and the fly line tautens under the forefinger, sometimes stripping out line during a sideways run. Now and then the fish may even jump. Always there is a flurried circling as he nears the fisherman's feet. In the presence of young nieces or nephews, I often kiss the fish goodbye when I release him. This inevitably draws the shuddering accolade: "Yeech! Gross!"

Now the sun is about to rise behind the fogbank, which is rapidly thinning as the light grows in strength, and a long chain of north-bound geese honk overhead. I am about to go schlock fishing again. I may as well reveal my hot spot, seeing as there are more schlocks in it than the entire U.S. angling population could remove in a century of hard fishing. It is the Croton Reservoir, about 40 miles north of New York City in upper Westchester County. The whole reservoir is a hot spot. I release all the schlocks I catch, though not out of any humanitarian motive. It's just that I hate to clean them—too scaly, too small to get a good grip on. In fact, I'd be doing the reservoir good if I killed them. There are too many schlocks in it, and when they overpopulate even so large a body of water as the



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reservoir, which is 20 miles long, they get rusty. That's what is happening to my schlocks. The half-pound, bluegill-type schlock, once a common catch, is hard to find now except in a few sand-bottomed cuts and bays on the west side of the reservoir. You can find those spots for yourself, but look out for the sinkholes and the copperheads.

My plan this morning is to fish my way around the Point, a heavily wooded promontory that extends into the reservoir from Route 100 and Mosman Avenue. I start at Sunny Coover by wading out in knee-deep water to the edge of a submerged stone wall. (The reservoir covers what was pastureland until the high dam at Croton went up early in this century.) All around me shimmer the pale disks of schlock nests. In the late spring the various types of schlocks come up out of the deep water where they wintered to fin out their nests in the sandy shallows. The female schlock drops from 5,000 to 15,000 eggs into the shallow nest, and the male fertilizes the eggs and then stands guard until the young hatch out five to 10 days later. Like the largemouth bass, the male guards the hatchlings for a while longer, darting fiercely at would-be predators. Then one day he suddenly turns on his brood, scoffing down hundreds while

the survivors flee out into the real world.

I pick a likely nest, work the fly line out through the guides, and then drop a white mosquito pattern over the head of a circling, concerned male parent. He must have seen a falling, because he is there the moment it hits the surface—pop! He's on, and I strip him in under my finger, unhook and release him. One fish in 15 seconds. Another cast, another schlock. At the end of five minutes, my count is up to 18. But I'm not out for a record today, so I wade east along the point, blind casting into the edge of a milfoil bed in the deeper water. Big bass cruise along this bed and on a few occasions I have had one surge up out of the gloom like a green and black Polaris missile and wallop me weak-kneed with his savage strike. But not today. The bass are on their nests and uninterested in anything on the surface.

I ease my way gingerly over a stretch of mucky bottom, nascent milfoil tangling my ankles, then hit firm sand again. A random cast with a "drowned" fly produces a powerful hit. The line burns under my finger, and I let whatever it is snap looped line back down to the reel: the ratchet clicks as more line skids out, then—bip!—the leader snaps. I feel the point of the break. The leader is rough,

chewed, nicked. Had to be a pickerel, and a big one at that. The drowned dry fly, having lost its floating capability, must have looked to the pickerel like a tiny fingerling.

An Eastern painted turtle clambers onto a nearby log, settles itself in a sunny crotch and is joined by two smaller turtles. One of them climbs on the first turtle's back. Not a bad life, Tranquil. I can't hear the traffic on Route 100. Looking north and south, I can't see a single house. I might be on a flowage in northern Wisconsin or a lake in southeastern Maine; an hour's drive to the south of where I sit people are rushing to work.

As I slowly fish my way back toward the highway, the sound of traffic increases with each fish taken. So does the bankside litter. Along a drowned stone wall angling out into the reservoir, I pick up one last schlock—a plump, six-inch redbreast sunfish look-alike.

Now, with the wind kicking up white horses and not a single niece or nephew on hand to say "Yeechh! Gross!" I unhook this peppy little schlock and kiss him goodbye. I lower him flat on my hand until the water cover his gills. With a sudden flip of his tail, he splashes water into my face and disappears into the greasy depths. I'll look him up again, maybe tomorrow.

END

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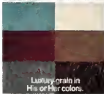
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SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

FUR REAL

When it was revealed last week that President Carter had to fend off a ferocious swimming rabbit while he was fishing in Plains last spring, skeptics argued that it couldn't have been a rabbit because the furry little critters don't swim. Carter insisted that it was, in fact, "a fairly robust-looking rabbit, swimming apparently with no difficulty." What's more, the White House said an unrelated photograph distinctly showed it to be a rabbit.

Well, according to Dr. E. Raymond Hall, professor emeritus of zoology at the University of Kansas, highly respected author of *Mammals of North America* and a man who clearly knows his rabbits, "Most kinds of rabbits do indeed have difficulty swimming and rarely enter the water voluntarily. But there are two species, *Sylvilagus aquaticus* and *Sylvilagus palustris*, the swamp rabbit and marsh rabbit, that swim regularly and easily, and live in places other kinds of rabbits wouldn't. The two species are found only in the southeast U.S. and are fairly common in parts of Georgia."

"It makes sense to me, given these rabbits' proclivity for swimming, that the President might have encountered one of them," Hall says. And, Professor, what stroke do rabbits do? "I guess you could call it the bunny paddle."

TENNIS' CLOSE CALL

The toughest tangle at the U.S. Open last week was for the second-round confrontation between lie Nastase and third-seeded John McEnroe. The match had all the ingredients for the brouhaha: it turned into—poor scheduling, the game's two most explosive players, a boorish, beered-up crowd and a flamboyant umpire in the chair. And everyone involved must share the blame for what resulted: the ugliest incident in the history of American tennis.

The tournament committee scheduled McEnroe-Nastase as Thursday night's second match in the stadium. It was preceded by a women's match that went on

for nearly two hours, and when it finally began at 9:45, the crowd of 10,549 was already restless. And, some of it, intoxicated. The ushers had no control over the spectators, who wandered through the aisles during play, often for the purpose of bringing six-packs of beer—which was being sold in cans, an unheard-of practice at other sporting events—back to their seats. From the outset, Nastase was the crowd's favorite. McEnroe's errors were cheered, and he responded with taunts and, at one juncture, an obscene gesture, all of which was fine with Nastase. What didn't please him was his opponent's excruciatingly slow play. A player is allowed 30 seconds between points, and McEnroe seemed to be taking the full 30. Nastase responded by clowning with spectators, pretending to nap behind the baseline, and quick-serving McEnroe in jest. None of his carrying on was obscene or vicious, as it often has been in the past, and he did not question a single call. Yet, in the opinion of umpire Frank Hammond, Nastase was the culprit. Hammond has officiated tennis matches for 32 years and is one of the best in the business. But on this evening, Hammond's determination to maintain control only aggravated matters. He repeatedly reprimanded Nastase, often into a live microphone, provoking the crowd, which obviously believed that the wrong player was being scolded.

Hammond also failed to explain the penalty system to spectators, a good many of whom had no idea such a system even exists. If a player fails to heed warnings from the chair, the umpire can award a point, then a game and, finally, the match to his opponent. When Hammond penalized Nastase a game in the fourth set for stalling, the crowd erupted with boos and catcalls that stopped play for 17 minutes. Fights broke out, beer cans and other debris were hurled onto the court and hecklers shouted obscenities at the players and Hammond. Police surrounded the court, and Hammond and tournament referee Mike Blanchard pleaded

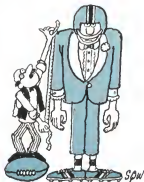
with Nastase to resume play. When he refused, Blanchard told him he had 30 seconds to serve. After 58 seconds, Hammond announced game, set, match—McEnroe. At that moment tournament director Bill Talbert approached the chair, rescinded the default and ordered Blanchard to take Hammond's place, a move that should have been made much sooner. The match was completed, McEnroe winning 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.

"Frank is a showman, and he made the mistake of becoming a character in the play," said Talbert afterward. "I thought replacing him was the only way to quell the crowd. He did a fine job of carrying out the rules, but he lost control. Under the conditions of the evening, Frank wasn't flexible enough. If the rules are upheld and someone gets hurt or is killed, what then...?"

For "the conditions of the evening"—the scheduling, the beer, the officiating, the players, the crowd control—a lot of people are culpable.

LOVE AT FIRST SNAP

When Chris Foote, the center for the top-ranked Southern Cal football team, married Suzy Campbell (USC '78), it was the biggest wedding of the summer. Some 300 people were invited to the ceremony.



ny and reception, which was held in the City of Industry, Calif., but it was the size of the guests, not the guest list, that made it such a tremendous occasion. Naturally, some of Foote's teammates attended. In fact, many of the Trojan offensive linemen were members of the

continued

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wedding. Offensive guards Roy Foster (6' 4", 260), Scott Fraser (6' 2", 240), Alton Pugh (6' 4", 245) and Brad Budde (6' 5", 253), offensive tackles Steve Moyer (6' 7", 250), Joe Murray (6' 5", 260), Keith van Horne (6' 7", 250) and Anthony Munoz (6' 7", 280) were all decked out in powder-blue tuxedos.

The size of the wedding party didn't faze the bride. After all, Chris (6' 4", 250) and Suzy (5' 4", 120) met when he was coaching the Delta Delta Delta powder-puff team, and she was—happy coincidence—the starting center. But outfitting some of the linemen was another matter. Chris is a "regular 48," but best man Munoz wasn't so lucky. The rental shop had to send out for special pants for his tuxedo, and then had to entirely remake a size 51 jacket to fit him.

SLACK & FIELD

Foreign stars have dominated college track in the U.S. in recent years, prompting periodic attempts to bar them from the NCAA championships. The controversy over the use of imported trackmen now is being fueled by word out of Brazil that Joao Carlos de Oliveira, the world-record holder in the triple jump, is thinking about enrolling at Southern Cal. But an embarrassment suffered recently by the University of Toledo suggests that track coaches who go after foreigners without carefully checking them out do so at their own peril.

Toledo's trouble began when Track Coach John Flaminio received a letter last year from a Kenyan who identified himself as Daniel Kimalyo and said he was interested in attending the Ohio school. Because Kimalyo was the 1978 Commonwealth Games gold medalist in the 400-meter hurdles, Flaminio naturally wondered why he would want to attend Toledo, which hadn't scored a point in the NCAA championships in the last decade. Flaminio phoned the letter writer, who mumbled something about becoming a big fish in a small pond, and last January a beaming Flaminio welcomed a beaming "Kimalyo" to campus.

The newcomer ran in five meets for Toledo during the indoor season and didn't do very well. "I just figured the guy was out of shape," Flaminio says, "and that he was having trouble adjusting from running on grass, as they do in Africa, to hard surfaces." Then Toledo's prize import was sidelined by an injury,

and it wasn't until Flaminio spoke with a visiting Kenyan coach in June that he learned that Kimalyo was still in Africa. The runner Flaminio had recruited turned out to be Nicholas Mukeka, an undistinguished hurdler. His scholarship was revoked, and he dropped out of school and disappeared.

This was not the first time a U.S. track coach had been stung by an impostor. When Cleburne Price Jr., now the coach at the University of Texas, was at Dallas Baptist College in 1970, he awarded a scholarship to a fleet Nigerian sprinter. As Price ruefully tells it, "He couldn't run a lick. He couldn't even outrun me. The guy had one suit of clothes and one carry-on bag when he got off the plane. He looked about 40 years old. Later we went to a meet, and an African coach came running up and asked, 'Who's the African?' When I told him the sprinter's name, he said, 'Oh, no, that's not him.' As it turned out, the prospect we recruited didn't want to leave home. So he gave his papers to his cousin. And the cousin had never run track before."

A PERFECT RACE

It is every bettor's dream to find a race on which he's confident of making money, no matter what the outcome. That happened in the Alabama Stakes in Saratoga on Aug. 11. Ray Kerrison of the New York Post has discovered

This is how it can come about: assume a race with an overwhelming favorite, show betting and a small field. Assume, too, that the track is required, as it would be in New York, to pay at least five cents on one dollar, no matter how short the odds are on a horse that runs in the money. If all but a very small percentage of the money in the show pool is bet on the favorite, then the extremely short odds on it and the very long odds on the other horses make it mathematically impossible to lose money if you bet heavily on the favorite and lightly on the other entries to show. If the favorite runs in the money, the bettor will make around 3%. If the favorite is an also-ran, the bettor would receive a bigger payoff. Perhaps an astronomical one. Do your arithmetic carefully and you can't lose.

Only one bettor, a savvy track regular known to insiders as Clyde the Clipper, saw the "hole" in the show pool for the Alabama, which had a field of five. Clyde bet on every horse to show, putting

\$24,000 on the 1-to-5 favorite, Davona Dale, and \$200 apiece on the other horses. Davona Dale ran second to It's in the Air, and Matry Doates was third. Even with 27-to-1 odds on Matry Doates, all three horses paid \$2.10 to show. Clyde came out \$820 ahead.

Don Drew, who supervises mutuels operations for the New York Racing Association, says, "The perfect race is a rare situation. It's obvious only to the people who look for it, and it will only pay off if you have a lot of cash to bet. A sophisticated bettor would be watching the 60-second cycles on the tote board, where we update the off-track and on-track show pools." Drew is surprised that Clyde was the only horse player to take advantage of the Alabama situation, but he is quick to add that Clyde would have lost a bundle if Davona Dale had run out of the money, because he erred in his arithmetic and did not bet quite enough on the other horses.

Drew points out that the same rare circumstances occurred on June 30 in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont, in which Davona Dale was also the favorite. There the show pool totaled \$493,503, of which \$482,553 was riding on Davona Dale. "But no one bet the system," Drew said. "It's remote, but sure, it could happen again."

Isn't that what dreams are made of?

THEY SAID IT

● John Campana, guard for the Bucknell football team, when asked about superstitions: "I don't like to jump from tall buildings before big games."

● Tommy John, Yankee pitcher, discussing his arm surgery of five years ago: "When they operated on my arm, I asked them to put in Koufax' fastball. They did. But it turned out to be Mrs. Koufax'."

● Bill Rodgers, premier American marathoner, after winning in the heat and finishing 15th in Montreal's Elite marathon: "I wish they'd run the Olympic marathon at the Winter Olympics."

● Don Meredith, former Dallas quarterback, on Cowboy Coach Tom Landry: "He's a perfectionist. If he was married to Raquel Welch, he'd expect her to cook."

● Don James, University of Washington football coach, on the advantages of having a player named to the Playboy pre-season all-star team: "I like it because it's the one month out of the year my wife lets me buy the magazine." **END**

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OH, NO, NOT AGAIN!

Baltimore's stock dropped when Quarterback Bert Jones, who was sidelined for most of the 1978 season, suffered yet another injury to his right shoulder in the Colts' loss to Kansas City

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN



After being decked in the third quarter, Jones rises slowly and heads off in pain as Coach Marchbrode sends in Landry.



CONTINUED

In another context, in another ball game, you would have laughed at such a play. The people who put together NFL Films might have sped it up and played some tinkly music in the background, and everyone might have smiled—until they saw the aftermath. In the final frame would be Bert Jones, the Baltimore Colts' superlative quarterback, lying on the Tartan Turf in Kansas City's Arrowhead Stadium, grabbing his damaged right shoulder. Jones is one of the two indispensable players in the NFL. The other is Houston's Earl Campbell. They can change the whole complexion of a team, lift the people around them—the hopes, the record, everything. They are franchises.

On Sunday afternoon Jones went down on a Looney Tunes play late in the third quarter of the Colts' 14-0 loss to the Chiefs. Later, in the lovers' locker room, Baltimore Coach Ted Marchibroda, whose natural expression is worry, stared at the floor and said, "I just don't know. The kid tried to come back and go some more, and he just couldn't do it." Marchibroda shook his head, and somewhere in there was a vision of 1978, when he tried to get through most of a season—a very long 5-11 season—without Jones. With Jones, the Colts had been a playoff team in 1975, '76 and '77. Without him in 1979? "You can't rush a thing like this," Marchibroda said.

And then Dr. E. J. McDonnell, the Colts' orthopedic surgeon who spent his off-season telling people that the separated shoulder that had sidelined Jones for 13½ games in 1978 was "rehabilitating very well," said of Jones' latest injury, "It's a severe contusion. It's going to stay sensitive for a long while. Terry Bradshaw had a separated shoulder. A lot of them have had it. The question is: Can they stand the pain?"

The pain in Jones' shoulder—and the pained look on Marchibroda's face—was caused by a flea-flicker that flickered briefly and then died. It was doomed from the start. Jones, his team down 7-0, was desperately trying to get something going, so he turned to one of the few trick plays in the Colts' playbook. Marchibroda is not a gimmicky coach. His offense is very basic, some say conservative. Hammer away with what you do best, or as Marchibroda puts it, "Everything within the context of your personnel."



The week of the K.C. game, Colt timer Tim Kraschneider helped Jones limply to his troubled shoulder.

At Kansas City, that meant going almost exclusively to one of the few healthy weapons in a Colt uniform, little Joe Washington, the halfback. Swing the ball to Washington, pitch it to him, hand it off to him—and hope for a miracle. Washington was having a big day, but the Arrowhead scoreboard said said Chiefs 7, Colts 0.

So, on first down at his own 36, Jones dished off another swing pass to Washington, and the plan was for Joe to flip the ball back to Jones who would hit somebody breaking downfield. Washington slipped, then one-bounced his toss back to Jones, who fielded it neatly on the short hop. "Pretty good shortstop, huh?" Jones would say. He flung the ball downfield where Mack Alston, a tight end who earns his living as a blocker, was standing side by side with Linchbacker Thomas Howard. Howard

stepped up for his interception, so Alston wrapped him up—like a lifeguard wrapping a blanket around an exposure victim. The referee's flag went down for offensive interference. Laughter from the stands.

Back upfield, Jones was down on the rug—and in agony. Sylvester Hicks, a 6' 4", 252-pound defensive end, had put a rush on Jones, and the top of his helmet struck Jones' right shoulder—the shoulder that had been separated. Suddenly Greg Landry was in the game at quarterback for the Colts. But four plays later Jones returned.

Jones has a history of coming back and trying to work out his injuries under battle conditions. When the Steelers hanged up his arm in the '75 playoffs, he came back in the fourth quarter and marched the Colts 85 yards, only to see the drive die on the three-yard line.

When Jets' Linebacker Bob Martin re-separated Jones' shoulder last Oct. 15—it had originally been injured against the Lions on Aug. 26th—the quarterback gamely tried to continue for half a dozen plays before he parked it in. And then there was the Washington game last November, the great morality play on Monday night, when Jones went reeling to the bench after three Redskins nailed him on the sidelines. Jones soon reentered and, with three minutes to play, threw the winning TD pass to Roger Carr. That heroic performance prompted some very hard words from Redskin Coach Jack Pardee, words to the effect that perhaps Jones was faking it a bit.

"I don't know why he'd want to say a thing like that," Jones said last week. "Sure I was hurt by what he said, wouldn't you be? I remember throwing one pass to Carr that felt perfect but fell 15 yards short. Sometimes the ball flew on me, sometimes it died, but I'll tell you something, I love this game, and if I can play, I'll play. I guess, in retrospect, it was a stupid thing for me to do."

So, in Kansas City, Jones came back after Hicks' hit and tried a couple of plays. He handed off to Don McCauley, he swung a pass to McCauley that fell short. And then he came out for good.

And now the Colts must be wondering just what the future holds for them. Their long-ball threat, Carr, missed most of camp because of a pulled muscle and had to come out at the half on Sunday because his timing was off. Their tight end, 6' 6", 238-pound Reese McCall, was lifted at the half, after dropping a sure TD pass in the second quarter. And now their 28-year-old quarterback—the franchise—has an iffy shoulder again.

"When Bert came off the field, I could see he was in a lot of pain," said Trainer Tim Kirschner. "I put the shoulder through a range of motion. It hadn't been separated again, the ligaments hadn't been torn. He threw a few balls, and they seemed to have a lot of zip. Then he went back in and he couldn't throw, so that was it. We iced it down. Look, it's a long season—15 more games."

Jones now was sitting in the hall, next to the stadium elevator, watching Middle Linebacker Ed Simonini get his sprained knee X-rayed. Jones' shirt was off; the shoulder showed an ugly red bruise, some swelling, but there was no sign of a step deformity, the drop that denotes torn ligaments.

"It's the rotary motion," Jones said. "I could throw as well as I wanted to, but on the follow-through it felt like someone stuck a knife in my shoulder."

"What do you think, kid?" Kirschner said, staring at Jones' shoulder.

"I think it ain't all that bad," Jones said.

"Could you believe that game today?" he said. "We get down deep on our first drive and then we fumble. In the second quarter, we're down on their 14, and the kid [McCall] drops the touchdown. Then I've got McCauley in the corner. I mean he's beaten his man clean, and a lineman [6' 7" Art Still] deflects the ball and they intercept it. Penalties. Holding penalties. So many mistakes. Someone told me we set a club record for penalties, is that right?"

He was informed that 14 penalties was indeed a club record. "Every play was called at the right time," Jones said. "I've never felt so confident about plays in a game. Every one was the right play. We just had so many mistakes."

Actually it was a very strange game plan that Jones and the Colts brought into Kansas City. It was an NFC-style plan, with Fran Tarkenton, as played by Jones, dumping the ball off to Chuck Foreman again and again and again, the Foreman in this case being Washington. It was a dump-off offense. It wasn't the kind of attack that's geared to one of the strongest guns—Jones' right arm when healthy—in the NFL. Perhaps the Colts' strategy was dictated by the lameness of their receiving corps, but it was a very risky way to travel. And it's hard to believe that Washington's 5' 10", 183-pound frame can go 16 weeks surviving the punishment this offense will inflict on him.

Jones and Landry threw 43 passes. Nineteen were to Washington, who caught 13 of them, tying Lydell Mitchell's club record. In practice one day last week Mike Siani, another of the crippled Colt receivers, was watching Washington put a fake on a linebacker. "What a weapon," Siani said. "He could wind up catching 100 balls this season."

Wrong projection. Multiply Washington's 13 catches on Sunday by 16 weeks and you've got 208 catches, which might make the Guinness people stand up and holler—and brighten Washington's off-season in his hospital room.

Colt runners carried the ball just 22 times against Kansas City, not counting



Workhorse Washington tied a receiving record

three scrambles by Jones and Landry Washington was the man on 16 of those carries. And all this time, while the Colts were praying that little Joe would somehow, some way, manage to pop one, the Chiefs were laying back, going nowhere.

The Colt defense was performing nobly, holding the K.C. wing T to minus 15 yards in the first quarter, but as the game wore on the Kansas City defenders began to take heart, too. By the end of the game, the Chiefs' rush, which tied for the fourth worst in the league last season, had four sacks. Hicks, of course, made the biggest hit of the game.

"When a key man like Bert leaves the game, it's a big plus for you," Hicks said, choosing his words carefully. "It's good for your team mentally, and even more so emotionally. Bert didn't say anything to me after the play [Jones says Hicks' blow was a 'good, clean hit'], but I had some of their linemen talking pretty loud about it."

"Bert seemed kind of different today, different from some of the games I've seen him play on TV, when he was running around, yelling at everybody. He seemed more low key. A couple of times he was limping [twisted knee]. But, you know, I can't be worrying about Bert Jones out there."

Maybe not, but Ted Marchibroda definitely is.

Because it's the home of the Hambletonian, harness racing's most important event, the quietly rural Du Quoin (Ill.) State Fair receives far more attention than it could otherwise get. Since it was established in 1923, the fair has been a quixotic venture. After all, it's not the Illinois State Fair, nor is it even the Perry County Fair. It's just sort of a one-man show launched by W. R. (Grandpa) Hayes as a labor of love—and as something to do with the bundle of cash he made selling Coca-Cola and dairy products. Ever since, the fair and its 1,500-acre site have been nurtured—and financed—by one Hayes or another.

Last week, on the eve of the 54th Hambletonian, William R. Hayes II, 41, the latest of four family members to serve as president of the fair, was sitting in the grandstand, surveying his kingdom. "Do you realize," he said, "that for every day of my adult life, I have awakened in the morning with less money than I had when I went to sleep?"

This was his way of explaining why he recently had sold the entire operation and, within a few days, would pack up and move to Aspen, Colo. Nobody particularly wants to talk about the numbers, but it has been reported that the sale price approached \$3 million, and that last year Hayes lost \$600,000 on the operation. Small wonder, when one considers that it cost \$10,000 a month just to keep the grass mowed.

Hayes sold off the family soft drink bottling business in 1969. He even liquidated his racing stable, save for one colt. These actions and others were designed to provide money to support the 11-day fair, its recreational facilities and the Hambletonian, which has been held at Du Quoin since 1957. "It's hard to act rich," says Hayes, "when you're not rich."

Hayes grew up in this gorgeous countryside, he loves it, he went barefoot through it, but he can no longer afford it. Some observers think at 30 Hayes was too young when responsibility for the fair was suddenly thrust upon him as the result of deaths in the family. Whatever the reasons for Hayes' need to sell, many harness-racing folk have been waiting for an excuse to get the Hambo out of Du Quoin and, they hope, into the big time. This may be the moment.

Besides, there are those in the business, especially some members of the 21-

IT WAS AN AFTERNOON BEFITTING A LEGEND

Though it's unclear where future Hambletonians will be held, Legend Hanover left no doubt who was the best horse this year **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

member Hambletonian Society that governs the race, who weren't thrilled that Hayes sold out to 49-year-old Saad Jabr, the son of a former Iraqi government official. Naturally, all of them deny any bigotry and puff up in rage when it is suggested. Says Hayes, "Everybody comes from somewhere. That's what America is." For his part, Jabr, who has 21 businesses, ranging from banks to airlines, in England, the Middle East and the U.S., says he detects no animosity. And, he says, harness people should be happy he made the purchase, "because every Arab has a love of horses."

Jabr went to school at Southern Illinois in Carbondale, and he has a home there as well as residences in Beirut and in London. He spends only a couple of months a year in this country. However, he already has his people at work on a multi-million-dollar plan for developing the fairgrounds. He also says he will spend as much as \$2.5 million over the next five years to purchase a stable of standardbreds. But don't all these business ventures drive Jabr crazy? "Oh, no," he jokes. "You see, I don't know what is happening in any of them."

As soon as the sale of the fair was announced, the wheels were set in motion to switch the Hambo elsewhere. And last week, three tracks made presentations to the Society.

The first one was Du Quoin, which doesn't intend to let the Hambletonian be taken away without a struggle. The Governor of Illinois, Jim Thompson, showed up to lend authority to the fair's offer to put up a

\$600,000 purse starting in 1981. It was \$300,000 this year, and as recently as 1974 the race was worth only \$160,150. Knowing that even 600 grand might be too little, Thompson said, "I think the Hambletonian is more than money. It's tradition and a country fair. We're not a concrete and glass emporium."

Enter the Meadowlands, New Jersey's concrete and glass emporium. Its representatives showed up with Governor Brendan Byrne in tow. It offered \$800,000 for the race starting in 1981, plus big media attention.

Then Syracuse made an impressive pitch that included a million bucks for the 1981 Hambo. It promised big promotion, off-track betting, a lottery on the race and a crowd of perhaps 100,000. When the Hambletonian was first raced in 1926, it was at Syracuse. Thus, New York says it's merely asking the Hambo to come home.



On Oct. 5 the Hambletonian Society will vote on which offer to accept. "We will do what is best for harness racing," says Max Hempt, president of the Society. Says Hayes, "I don't understand how, if they eliminate Du Quoin, it's a net gain for the sport."

With all the conversation about the sale of the place and the megabucks of the future, this year's Hambo was nearly lost in the shuffle. Which in a way was fortunate because the 12 3-year-old trotters entered constituted by far the weakest field in recent years. The favorite, to the virtual exclusion of all others, was Chiola Hanover, who had won 11 of 13 starts this year against almost all of the same opponents. The colt's trainer, Bill Vaughn, couldn't think of one thing wrong with Chiola, whose season's earnings of almost \$400,000 going into the Hambo were nearly twice that of the next richest horse, Crown's Crispy.

So it was appropriate that Legend Hanover was ignored. Although he was named 1978's 2-year-old Trotter of the Year, '79 has been a disaster. He went 11 races without a win and had only four victories in 19 tries. Further, the colt's regular driver, Joe O'Brien, was ruled ineligible to take the reins in the Hambo by the Illinois Racing Commission. The commission cited a rule stipulating that

a trainer who has a horse in a race—O'Brien trains Armbo Unlimited—cannot drive another horse he doesn't train in that race.

An emergency call was thus put in to veteran driver George Sholtz—the very man who was bitterly disappointed in last year's Hambo when his Florida Pro failed to win; the very man who this year trained and drove the pacer Sonsam, the most expensive 2-year-old standardbred in history (\$6.3 million), who was injured on Aug. 4 and forced into early retirement. The crowd of 16,000 at Du Quoin responded by sending Legend Hanover off at 11 to 1 in the first heat.

Predictably, Chiola went right to the top after the first quarter. Just as predictably, Legend, trapped in poor racing position, was lost in the crowd. But coming down the stretch, Sholtz had the words of Ray Tripp, Legend's trainer, firmly in his mind: "When you go for home, roll him. He'll take a drive." Sholtz tried to take Legend wide of Chiola, but the tiring favorite was bearing out. Suddenly, there was a hole on the inside, and Sholtz ducked under to fill it and win by half a length in a so-so 1:57.

A little more than an hour later, the

field was back at it—to triumph in the Hambo a trotter must win two heats—and once again, Legend was just a face in the crowd until the stretch run. Then once more the canny Sholtz came on to win the heat—and the Hambletonian—by a head, in 1:56½. Nobody was complaining. Not even Chiola's people, who had seen their colt lose two races by a total of less than a length.

Legend Hanover, purchased for \$87,000, is owned by Dr. Raymond Galt, a Chicago internist and cancer researcher. Galt has been involved in harness racing for 13 years, and three years ago he started using a portion of his horses' earnings to help finance his cancer research. To date, the standardbreds have contributed more than \$300,000.

Hey, doc, why not get government research grants, like everyone else?

"Have you ever tried to get one? Too much red tape."

So you have tried?

"Oh, yes. I applied once, and finally I heard back that the government thought I had a wonderful idea and for me to pursue it, and they wished me good luck. But they didn't give me any money."

So Legend went out last Saturday and earned a \$150,000 vindication for himself and an instant research grant for the doctor.

800



Legend Hanover (6) edged Chiola Hanover in the first heat, then did it again to give driver George Sholtz, a last-minute replacement, a profitable day



K.C. TAKES OFF ON WILLIE'S WINGS

Willie Wilson made a triumphant return to New York last week. And because the fleet leftfielder is the epitome of the Hometown Boy Made Good, 500 residents of his old stomping ground, nearby Summit, N.J., were on hand to salute him in Yankee Stadium. "We're proud of you, Willie," chorused grandmothers and schoolgirls. Because Friday, Aug. 31 was Willie Wilson Day in Summit, Mayor Frank Lehr read a proclamation before that night's game containing seven whereases, one therefore and one whereof. Then it was Willie's turn to speak. He thanked everyone for coming, affirmed his pride in Summit and promised to do his best in the future.

As memorable as the occasion may have been, Willie Wilson Day was just one highlight of what could have been Willie Wilson Week. On Monday he was named American League Player of the Week for batting .541 and stealing nine bases during the previous seven days. On Tuesday his wife Kathy went into labor, and at 5 p.m. Wednesday she delivered their first child, an eight-pound, four-ounce girl, Shenice Nicole. Willie arrived at Royals Stadium at 8 p.m. that night

Last year critics ran down mercurial Royal Willie Wilson. Now he's running wild as he leads Kansas City on its annual late-season surge **by JIM KAPLAN**

and was welcomed by a standing ovation when he entered the game against Milwaukee in the third inning. He singled, drove in a run and walked as the Royals won 18-8. The victory was one of eight in an 11-game stretch that put K.C. only a game and a half behind Western Division leader California.

By the time Kansas City arrived in New York early Thursday morning, the little-known Wilson was being hailed as the most exciting player in baseball. And he just might be. A switch-hitting lead-off man, Wilson was batting .311, had scored 96 runs and was tied with Detroit's Ron LeFlore for the league stolen-base lead with 66 in 77 attempts. Because of his speed and strong, accurate arm, his work in leftfield is often spectacular. And as the whole world has discovered, he is almost certainly the game's fastest runner.

The Royals have been moving quickly by themselves of late. On July 19 they were in fourth place in the American League West with a 44-48 record and

trailed California by 10½ games. In the opinion of the Angels' Rod Carew, they were "dead and buried." But 44 games and 28 victories later K.C. was very much alive. If the Royals roar through September as they have the past two seasons, they will join the A's as the only team to win four or more consecutive divisional titles.

"It isn't that we're on a tear, it's that others are slumping," says Third Baseman George Brett. True enough. Since the All-Star break, California was 19-25 and Minnesota, now in third place, was 22-24. The Kansas City surge was hardly the result of outstanding pitching. The Royal staff had allowed a club-record 145 homers, and the team ERA was 4.61, 11th in the league. But the hitters have been sensational. Since Aug. 1, DH Hal McRae, Centerfielder Amos Otis, Catcher Darrell Porter, Rightfielder Al Cowens and Brett have all hit better than .300.

Even so, Wilson has been the most regal Royal. "He excites us," says Second Baseman Frank White. "He's like Mickey Rivers was to the 1977 Yankees or Al Bumbry and Rich Coggins were to the 1973 Orioles. He'll get up in the first inning and single, steal second and score on McRae's hit. Just like that, we're on the board."

Despite his extraordinary speed—wearing shoulder pads he once ran the 40-yard dash in 4.4 seconds—Wilson's bat has become his primary weapon. As a rookie last year he stole 46 bases but batted a pokey .217. By Labor Day his confidence was gone, and he finished the season as a pinch runner and late-inning defensive replacement. Wilson's state of mind was further eroded by the taunts of teammate John Wathan, who called him "Herbie," a sarcastic reference to Herb Washington, the A's no-hit, no-field "designated runner" of 1974 and '75. On several occasions Wilson was ready to fight Wathan, but the fault was mainly his, because he overswung at the plate.

Two months in winter ball restored Wilson's self-esteem. Then in spring training he followed the advice of Coach Chuck Hiller, who told him to take a



Wilson has plenty to show for his 66 stolen bases: sore feet, a bruised thigh and mouthfuls of dust

short, downward swing, and listened intently as First Baseman Pete LaCock told him he could "run .300" by beating out grounders. After a three-hit game against Chicago on May 12, Wilson became a regular, and his hitting has never slackened. Choking up six inches on the bat handle, he slashes line drives, bunts well and beats out routine grounders—crossing first base with his arms raised sprinter-style.

However, Wilson's specialty is the most exciting play in baseball, the inside-the-park home run. Four of his five homers this season never left the premises; two occurred in Kansas City, where balls pick up speed on the artificial turf and whiz past outfielders, but the others came on slower natural fields in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Last week Wilson was third in the league in triples, with 13, which was only one less than his number of two-base hits. This statistical oddity occurs because on all but stand-up doubles he stops at first, because he figures he can steal second just about any time he wants.

Ah, those steals. At 6' 3", 190 pounds, Wilson isn't supposed to steal. Conventional wisdom decrees that because of his long legs a tall player gets a slow jump and has difficulty lowering his body to slide. But Wilson is built along the lines of Dave Parker and Dave Winfield—prototypical, big, modern players who excel in all phases of the game.

Wilson takes a short lead. "Why waste my energy diving back to first on pick-offs," he says, peeling off a FLEET FEET T shirt. "When I can get to second faster than anyone else from where I am!" Employing a technique learned from Maury Wills, Wilson rocks back and forth to pick up momentum, thrusts his right shoulder toward second and uses the muscles in his upper thighs and buttocks to accelerate. In only his second full major league season Wilson has become so proficient a base stealer that he succeeds despite such anti-theft devices as pick-offs and pitchouts.

Exhausted by his maternity-ward vigil and admittedly tense before the home-folk, Wilson was not at his best against New York. As might be expected of an inexperienced 24-year-old, he showed some rough edges, misplaying a fly ball into a triple, lunging at pitches and being caught stealing for the first time in 26 tries dating back to July 23. Even



Wilson has the long stride and gliding speed of a champion sprinter. Though he has never run track.

so, he was both entertaining and effective. As Kansas City won 8-3 on Thursday, Wilson ran down George Scott's 420-foot fly and took the life out of New York's only rally by throwing out speedy Willie Randolph at the plate. The next night Tommy John beat the Royals 7-3, but Wilson made his day special by scoring from first on a double that Lou Piniella cut off in medium left-center. Wilson had two hits on Saturday as the Royals came from five runs behind to win 9-8. On Sunday he extended his hitting streak to 14 games as Kansas City lost 6-5. Wilson put on a show in the first inning when he singled to right, stole second, advanced to third on a fly ball to left and scored on a drive to center.

Nonetheless, Wilson was happy to

leave New York. By nature, he is a shy and sensitive man who answers the applause of Kansas City fans by tipping his hat and looking down at his shoes. The added attention in New York made him even more uncomfortable. "I like the Summit people, but I'm more afraid of speaking to them than playing baseball," he said.

Like any base stealer, Wilson subjects his body to considerable wear and tear. His right knee and thigh are cut and bruised, and he suffers from aching feet, though he wears special insoles in his shoes. Lately, he has been so tired and sore that while standing in leftfield he doesn't move his feet between pitches and he forgoes practice swings in the on-deck circle. But when he comes to the plate, Willie takes wing.

END



After almost four hours' play, the Caps exulted.

A black, ugly week it had been for soccer in the U.S. And on Saturday afternoon, with about 14 minutes left in what turned out to be a three-hour, 34-minute marathon NASL National Conference Championship game between the Cosmos and the Vancouver Whitecaps, it looked as if a lily-livered refereeing decision might turn out to be the final vertebra-snapping straw for those who, out of love for the game, have accepted all the nonsense surrounding the NASL's version of it with truly camel-like patience.

This is how it was. On Wednesday night in Vancouver the Caps had won the first of the home-and-home series 2-0. In Saturday's second game, in East Rutherford, N.J., they had tied the Cosmos 2-2 in regulation time. Then, as the grotesquely complex NASL rules decreed, the teams had played 15 minutes of sudden-death overtime. No score. So a shoot-out followed. This the Cosmos won.

All right. That meant that the series was now tied 1-1. Now there followed a further 30-minute overtime period—a mini-game, the league likes to call it. Close to exhaustion in the summer heat, the players battled on. Then, with no score and mini-game time ticking away and with yet another shoot-out in prospect, Vancouver's Carl Valentine found

IT WAS A CATACLYSM OF COSMIC PROPORTION

himself clear in front of the Cosmos' net, with Goalie Hubert Berkenmeier well beaten. Valentine's shot hit the underside of the crossbar and slammed down onto the goal line.

On the line? Or just over the line—is it had to be for the goal to count? The referee apparently had no doubt. He immediately pointed to the center of the field, indicating a score. The decision drove the Cosmos berserk. Led by Giorgio Chinaglia, they rushed across to the linesman, who would have been consulted by the referee had there been any doubt in the ref's mind. Chinaglia roughly grabbed the official by his shoulders—an offense that would have meant immediate expulsion from the game anywhere else in the world. The referee came over, not to eject the Cosmos' star but apparently to join in a discussion. And somehow, after several minutes the ref was wronged that he was entirely wrong, that no goal had been scored.

At this point, a coach less level-headed than the Whitecaps' Tony Watters might have called his team off the field. Instead, in the face of this blatant intimidation of officials by the Cosmos, the Whitecaps indicated they would make a formal protest—and then fought on. As it turned out, they made the right decision. But in view of the events that had preceded Saturday's game, it must have seemed sickeningly likely to the Caps that yet again the Cosmos, because they are the NASL's glamorous boys, were going to be allowed to get away with whatever they wanted, even though they had already come under severe reproach the previous day.

There had been drama aplenty well before Saturday's game. As the Whitecaps flew east to New York on Friday afternoon, one of the players insisted, "He has to do it. He's got no choice."

That raised cynical guffaws. "He'll do nothing," somebody else said. "You think the league wants Soccer Bowl without the Cosmos? You think ABC wants

The lofty and arrogant Cosmos got their comeuppance at last, penalized by the league and vanquished by Vancouver

by CLIVE GAMMON

us instead of them? He'll do nothing."

But, still and all, when the DC-10 landed at Kennedy, there was a rush for the New York Post, the city's evening paper. In seconds the Whitecaps were jostling one another to get a glimpse of a headline. "He did it!" exclaimed the div-believer. "He really did it!"

What he—NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam—had done was suspend Carlos Alberto, the Brazilian who is the key-stone of the Cosmos defense. According to witnesses, immediately following the Caps' win in Vancouver, Alberto had stripped off his shirt and flung it at the referee, Peter F. Johnson, as they walked



Cosmos Goalie Berkenmeier had no chance on a header by Johnson (20) that equalized Game 2.

into a tunnel at Empire Stadium. Then, outside the Cosmos' locker room, he had spat into the face of one of the line men, George Lingard.

Not only was the offense disgusting, but it also conveyed a complete lack of respect for the league and for the sport. In Europe, soccer players have received lifetime bans for striking an official. It seemed that the NASL would be compelled to act.

But a call to the league office indicated that the newspaper report had been premature. At 5 p.m. on Friday, Woosnam, apparently acting alone, was still "considering" the referee's report. The word was that three of the Cosmos' brass, Steve Ross, chairman of the board of Warner Communications, Inc., the Cosmos' parent company; Rafael de la Sierra, a Warner vice-president; and Krikor Yepremian, general manager of the club, had, at halftime of the Wednesday game, converged on Woosnam, who was in Vancouver as an observer, to protest the officiating. Certainly, the commissioner was under heavy pressure from the Cosmos.

The early hours of Friday evening went by and there was still no news. Was

it possible, after all, that the cynics were right? That the big, rich Cosmos were more important than the league?

Then, at 7:50 p.m., the decision was announced. Alberto was out. An undisclosed fine was levied, too, but in the terms of international soccer, it was the lightest of sentences. Nevertheless, this was as much, if not a touch more, than the cynics had expected.

This was especially so because the Alberto penalty followed closely another Cosmos suspension. With only eight seconds left in the Wednesday match, and with the game beyond reach, the Cosmos' fullback, Andranik Eskandarian, had kicked Cap Striker Kevin Hector. For that he justifiably received a red card—meaning expulsion from the game and automatic suspension from the next. Suddenly, through self-inflicted wounds, the Cosmos were without two of their starting defenders for Saturday's game.

The actions of both players had been stupid and needless. They might have stemmed from a frame of mind that Cap Coach Tony Walters had described after the Wednesday game. "They don't think it is possible for them to lose," he said. "They think they have a kind of di-

vine right to win. They have a sort of arrogance which is almost naive."

That arrogance had first become manifest in the Vancouver game after Trevor Whymark had scored the Caps' second goal 5:44 minutes before the end of the game. At this point, the Cosmos' technical director, Julio (the Professor) Mazzei, in blatant disregard of the rules, had run out onto the field of play, screaming and gesticulating hysterically. It seemed to be his opinion that the goal should have been ruled offside.

True, it had been a hairline decision. It was also true that, stationed as he was on the halfway line, Mazzei was in no position to judge. More significantly, however, nobody saw fit to have him removed from the field immediately. It is entirely possible that, without this foolish example to encourage them, neither Eskandarian nor Alberto would have committed his own piece of foolishness.

The Cosmos had been well beaten before these incidents took place. Caps Goalie Phil Parkes needed to make only two saves, because Vancouver slowly but ever so effectively took control of midfield. Once that was done, a goal was inevitable. Willie Johnston even-

continued



tually scored it, heading in from a cross by Alan Ball. Johnston, it might be recalled, gained some notoriety after being sent home in disgrace from the Scottish side at last year's World Cup in Buenos Aires; a random drug test showed he had taken a form of amphetamine. Johnston was just dead unlucky: on such grounds, 75% of World Cup play-

ers would have caught an early plane.

Now Johnston is well settled with the Caps, whose tightly knit team is in sharp contrast to the Cosmos. That team unity might partially explain why, up until Saturday's game, the Caps had a 6-1 record—3-0 this season—in encounters with the Cosmos.

But considering the difference in resources between them, that record was still largely a mystery. In the context of the NASL the Cosmos are a colossus. No other team can match them in quality of players, in money, staff or facilities. A couple of months ago, when they faltered, the Warner Communications instant remedy was applied: Johan Neeskens of Holland, still one of the world's best midfielders, was signed to a five-year contract worth \$750,000. So was the fine German goalie, Birkenmeier. The treatment seemed to work. Ten straight victories followed.

But in the first round of the playoffs, the Cosmos lost to low-budgeted Tulsa in Oklahoma and then, somewhat humiliatingly, had to beat the Roughnecks twice at home to advance. The defeat at Vancouver left the Cosmos once again needing to win both a regular game and a mini-game at home.

Being beaten by the Caps seemed more than the Cosmos management could take, especially because it involved the

loss of two important defenders. The hysteria evidenced in Mazzer's invasion of the pitch was soon echoed by de la Sierra, who implied that the penalties assessed against Eskandarian and Alberto were part of an attempt by Woosnam to cause the Cosmos to lose. And by Saturday morning, full-scale litigation was threatened against the commissioner ("Cosmos File Suite" read the handout).

Comic as the misspelling might be, behind all the bluster was the implication that the Cosmos club was bigger than the league, that only the Cosmos gave the league "credibility." And that, by God, the league had better remember it. At a subsequent press conference, Ross said that he had no comment when asked if he would like to see Woosnam removed from office. Only Ahmet Ertegun, president of the club and one of the few senior members of the Cosmos hierarchy with a solid knowledge of the sport, had the sense and decency to say, in effect, "Let's forget this now and get on with the game."

But Saturday's game looked nowhere near as easy for the Cosmos as their second encounter with Tulsa had been. The Roughnecks had made the error of failing back to defend in their own half almost as soon as the game began, gambling they could hold the Cosmos scoreless and win in a shoot-out. The gamble backfired.

Vancouver was a different sort of a team. "It is no use to sit back and try to soak up pressure from very good players," Walters said on Friday. "The odds are then that skill will tell." That isn't a particularly original theory of how to deal with the Cosmos. Most coaches give it lip service, then, like Tulsa, go back and defend.

But the Caps' outstanding defensive record—they gave up only 34 goals during the regular season, 12 fewer than any other club—wasn't based on packing their penalty area. Walters explained it: "We don't mark man-for-man. How are you going to end up? Having them run out in pairs? Hand in hand? We mark on a zonal basis, from front to back. When we lose possession we have 11 defenders.

"If you allow time for them in the middle," Walters went on, "you get great passing players like Beckenbauer and Bogicevic fading balls in behind defenders for strikers to run onto. On artificial turf they can actually hit balls with back-



A Cap shot (below) that caromed off the crossbar precipitated an anguished Cosmos protest



continued

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spin, so that they slow up right into the path of players like Chinaglia."

What he was talking about was a plan not dissimilar to the so-called "total" soccer used by the superb Dutch sides of the mid '70s. But to carry that out you need players of the highest talent. The Caps are a solid, workmanlike team, but it was asking a lot of them to perform in the manner of the Clockwork Orange, as the Dutch were called.

But they did have a solid organizer in the middle: Alan Ball, small, wiry, now 34, a member of England's World Cup winning team of 1966 and meeting up, for the nth time, with Franz Beckenbauer, the Cosmos' nonpareil defender. They had played against one another as virtual kids on the English and West German sides in that famous final at Wembley 13 years ago.

Beckenbauer is almost the only player on the Cosmos whom Ball respects. He was plainly shocked by the Alberto spitting incident. And others. "All this fighting with workmen," he sniffs, referring to the notorious clash at Giants' Stadium between Chinaglia and a maintenance crew last July. "They disappoint me as a club. When their reign ends they'll lose all the respect they've gained." Ball is of the opinion that great clubs tend to dominate for four or five years—Real Madrid in the late '50s, Bayern Munich in the early '70s, Liverpool nowadays. The Cosmos cannot be compared to any of these teams, of course, but in the context of the NASL, Ball considers that they should behave themselves, live up to their reputation.

As they had in the second game against Tulsa, the Cosmos came on Saturday at a storming pace, with Chinaglia and Seninho spearheading and Dennis Tueart attacking from the midfield. Certainly there was depth enough in the Cosmos' defense not to be totally crippled by the loss of Alberto and Eskandarian. But for the first 10 minutes their defense was hardly tested, except when Whymark, breaking away, headed in with Birkenmeier beaten, only to see his shot cleared magnificently off the line by Ricky Davis, the most promising young American player in the NASL. Otherwise, it was all Cosmos.

This was the kind of pressure that had made Tulsa yield an early goal and then virtually concede the game. There the parallel ended, though. The Cosmos got their goal all right, a beauty, after 10 min-

utes, constructed by Vladislav Bogicevic and finished by Chinaglia, but the Caps didn't lie down and die, although they still seemed nervous. Their passing kept going astray, particularly in the midfield, which they would have to eventually dominate to win.

There were rough moments also, flurries of fouling, the kind you expect in a playoff game, but nothing serious. On the contrary. For instance, when Kevin Hector, the Caps' central striker, went down heavily with Beckenbauer, the two exchanged courtesies like the generals of opposing 18th-century armies.

At this stage, what seemed missing from the Caps' play was invention and progress on the wings. They had Johnston, a superb player when he puts his mind to it, and Valentine, a gifted 21-year-old, but there was little seen of them. Whymark came close once again: he hit the bar and saw the ball come down on the line. But most of the narrow escapes were at the Vancouver end, Seninho's fast runs being particularly troublesome.

The run of the play was all with the Cosmos until their Dutch defender, Wim Rijsbergen, fouled Ball somewhat ostentatiously and then made the mistake of arguing with the referee. Ball hit the free kick sweetly into the penalty area for John Craven, who had come up from the Caps' defense. Craven beat the hapless Rijsbergen to the ball and scored to tie the score, 1-1.

Now the Cosmos looked more vulnerable, especially when Tueart had to leave with a pulled hamstring, but seven minutes before the half, they went ahead again, a classic Seninho run finished off by Chinaglia, 2-1.

And 2-1 it stayed almost throughout the second half. Now the Caps were gaining confidence, creating more chances, and when Neeskens, chasing Gonlie Parkes for a loose ball, collided with him, went down in agony and shortly afterward left the field, there was a gap in the middle that his absence and Tueart's left open to exploitation. And Vancouver did the necessary exploiting. Six minutes before the end, Bob Lenarduzzi broke out of defense and crossed, and there was wee Willie Johnston to soar up, flick the ball with his head and tie the score.

It remained that way until the end of regulation time. Anywhere else in the world the Whitecaps would have now won the series 4-2 on aggregate goals.

But because this was the NASL, there was a long way to go yet.

First came the fruitless overtime, then the shoot-out that equalized the series for the Cosmos. Then a mini-game and that extraordinary disallowed goal.

And so now it was all down to a final shoot-out. The Caps had lost the first one easily. Their shoot-out record, extraordinarily bad in the light of Parkes' skill in normal play, was now 1-5 for the season, while that of the Cosmos was 5-1.

Astonishingly, Beckenbauer was first to miss for the Cosmos. Ricky Davis missed, too. Neeskens and Terry Garbett netted, but in the meanwhile three Vancouver players had scored. That meant that Nebi Morais, the Cosmos defender, had to hit one home to keep the Cosmos in the game. Morais took his time, pushed the ball carefully from the 35-yard line, glanced up at the advancing Parkes, chose his position and nudged the ball. Giants' Stadium exploded with joy.

But the referee was waving his arms negatively. Morais had taken a second too long to shoot—only five seconds are allowed. Suddenly the stadium was silent and the blue track suits from the Vancouver bench were on the pitch. Glory, hallelujah! The unthinkable had happened. The Cosmos were beaten.

A little later in the locker room Walters was the only calm person from Vancouver. He doesn't care for games to be decided by the shoot-out, even though that was how his victory had been achieved. "Where should we head next week?" he asked. "The Meadows or Disneyland? There was so much good play today, so much good stuff. A shoot-out devalues what has gone before. It might be a good idea for NASL now, but maybe in a year or two it will disappear."

Maybe. The times seem to be a-changing. A week that had started so darkly had ended with a remarkably fancy sunset. What a city Vancouver would be this night. ABC-TV might be more than a little worried about its Soccer Bowl ratings next Saturday when Vancouver faces the Tampa Bay Rowdies. And more than likely Giants' Stadium, site of the final, wouldn't be sold out. But those would be small prices to pay for a fresh, cool breeze blowing through the league and a new realization of an old truth, that there are 11 men on every soccer team and that you cannot always buy your way to glory.

END

COLLEGE FOOTBALL '78

It is summertime in Norman, Okla., *Grapes of Wrath* country. Every day the sun rises high and hot, and every day the sky goes from blue to gray to black, from cotton dry to spongy wet, in a meteorological option offense designed to confuse the few people moving around on the flat earth beneath it. Everything is terribly quiet and slow. Norman is waiting. The whole state of Oklahoma is waiting. At the Sooner Bar-B-Q and the Sooner Superette and dozens of other Sooner Theses and Sooner Thats, the message is clear: football cannot come back to Norman soon enough.

In Los Angeles the Dodgers are struggling, the governor's running, the Arabs are buying, the Rams are moving, the earth will be quaking (any day now), the Mercedes 450s are purring, and roller skaters are getting traffic tickets. They play college football there, too, starting somewhere around the time the new TV season begins.

Just a mile past Owen Field (HOME OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA SOONERS—NATIONAL FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS 1950, 1953, 1956, 1974, 1975) reads a sign on the back of the scoreboard, in a modern apartment complex that rises out of a dusty lot, a 23-year-old man lounges in front of a television set. He can wait for football. He does not like the sun or the heat or, for that matter, the insatiable football fans who demand that he be great. He prefers to stay comfortable indoors when he is not running with a football. At six feet and 210 pounds, he is built for power, for speed, for explosiveness. But now he is as quiet as the town is. Low profile. When he married in June, some of his closest friends didn't know about it until it was trumpeted in the papers.

The apartment where he keeps himself has walls he could easily walk through should he come home one night without his keys. Up there on a bookshelf above the TV set, camouflaged by trophies, plaques, photographs and souvenir game balls—you expect books, too?—sits a bronze statue of a ballplayer sidestepping and straightarming. It is, of course, the Heisman Trophy, and the man sprawled in

The race is on: the incumbent, Oklahoma's Billy Sims, who won the 1978 Heisman, vs. the worthy opponent, Charles White, a superb campaigner backed by the No. 1 USC machine

the easy chair watching an Andy Hardy movie (Oklahoma Running Back Billy Sims).

Sims is only the sixth player—Doc Blanchard (Army), Doug Walker (SMU), Vic Janowicz (Ohio State), Roger Staubach (Navy) and Archie Griffin (Ohio State) are the others—in the 44-year history of college football's most coveted award to return for his senior year as the defending Heisman winner. Soon he will be trying to become the only one besides Griffin to win it twice. The public demand the award carries and the pressure to win it again are burdensome. Sims can wait.

"Right now I'm just laid out," he says languidly, after six months of nonstop hot-stove activity. "I don't even want to go out and go through all the hassles. I'm trying to catch up on a lot of rest. But it's not easy. People are calling me all the time. They want just about anything—speak here, speak there, get me tickets, sign autographs, do this, do that. The fans around here are something. They come into Norman for a game, drink their beer, their wine, have a good time. They don't put in all the work, suffer all the pain. You hear them: 'Oh, I can't wait for football! I just can't wait!' Well, I can wait, I can wait. I'm in no hurry to get back out there and sweat and have to whirlpool my body so it don't hurt so much. Oh, no, I can wait."

At least his celebrity has helped him become a smash success at his two summer jobs: an adman for the *Oklahoma Sooner Weekly* magazine—he sold a whopping \$6,500 worth of space one recent afternoon—and a salesman of trinkets such as T-shirts, ballpoint pens, snuff-can lids and ashtrays that fit atop beer cans, all featuring the crimson and cream OU logo.

"Here's something nice," went his pitch to a prospective customer. Sims selected a cigarette lighter from a briefcase crammed full enough to do a Fuller Brush man proud. A flick produced a nice steady flame... and a tinkly rendition of Boomer Sooner, the OU fight song.

"Or how about this one? My favorite." Another lighter, another flick, another song—*Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*.

continued

RUNNING FOR THE VOTE

by JOHN PAPANKE

The 6-foot, 185-pound White in 1978 overtook Anthony Davis as USC's all-time leading rusher.



The 6-foot, 210-pound Sims ran for 1,762 yards in 1978, averaging a record 7.6 yards per carry.



Heelback David Overstreet (left) trains with Billy and Brenda Sims

More often than not, the response from the customer is, "Whatever it is you're selling, Billy, I'm buying."

As they say in Hollywood—Cut!

Cut, in fact, to Hollywood. Or, to be exact, the CBS Studio Center in Studio City, Calif. There, just a beer-bottle toss from Matt Dillon's jail and around the corner from the old Mary Tyler Moore newsroom, another young man is going to work. He is extraordinarily handsome, with chiseled features and high cheekbones suggesting a bit of American Indian, and he has a powerful but compact body. Actresses, actors, extras, prop men, script girls, carpenters, security guards, all yell to him, "Hey, Charles! What's happening?" You ready for football yet?" He stops and talks to all of them—"Oh, yeah. I'm ready!"—and admits his embarrassment when he cannot remember their first names.

Although he has the cocky look and pearly smile of an actor himself, most of

the show-biz people know the handsome extra is Charles White, the University of Southern California running back. If you watch carefully this fall you will see him, not only devastating the defenses of UCLA, Notre Dame, et al., but also—way in the background, for the time being—on TV shows like *240-Robert*, *Kaz*, *Kojak*, and in such feature films as *The Champ* and *Raging Bull*.

This day White is working in what looks from the outside like an old airplane hangar, but inside there is a fake high school chopped up in pieces and put back together in no particular order. There is half a corridor over there, a part of a classroom here, a locker room, a coach's office and a complete gymnasium with bleachers.

It is Carver High, and White is part of the "atmosphere" in an episode of *The White Shadow*. His part is to walk down a staircase with a girl while a bunch of Carver's basketball players once again conspire to do no good. More than half a dozen takes are required for the three-minute scene. Each time, White and the girl walk down the stairs to start the action. It is a tedious business, not unlike football practice.

When the scene is finished, a visitor asks the director how he likes working with Charles White.

"Charles White?" says the director. "Charles White? From Southern Cal? He's here!"

"He just walked out of math class and down those stairs nine times in front of your face," says the visitor.

"That was Charles White? I'll be damned. I guess I didn't recognize him without the number 11 on his back."

Charles White wears number 12. And

he, not Billy Sims, is considered to be the favorite to win this year's Heisman Trophy. And what this little story illustrates is that in L.A., college football is just another pastime, like est or disco sailing. In Norman, football isn't the only thing, it's only everything.

Outside of the Southwest not too many people had heard of Billy Sims before the middle of last season. After all, it had been three years since "Simbo" had become the second-greatest high school rusher ever, and injuries during his first three years at Oklahoma had caused him to disappear. At tiny Hooks (Texas) High School, he had scored 516 points and gained 7,738 yards in three years. He never gained fewer than 123 yards in a game, and twice he topped 300. He had the kind of talent that prompted a coach to say after he first saw Sims run the ball as an eighth-grader, "I have just seen one of the greatest backfield runners ever." And it took just one look at a Hooks Hornets game film to set Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer's mouth watering.

"It was a playoff game," Switzer recalls. "I think Billy went for 300 yards in this one. I knew Hooks had to be small because I had never heard of it before. So I called up his coach, Jack Coleman, right then, and said I wondered what the



Sims sells ads in "Oklahoma Sooner Weekly"

possibility would be of my talking to Billy. 'Well,' he said, 'I think it would be pretty good. He's sitting right here.' " Switzer began recruiting Sims. Hard. Which means that he sent an assistant coach, Bill Shimek, to Hooks and strongly suggested that he take up residence there until Sims was signed.

"The first time I saw Billy he was carrying two big buckets of cow feed like they were water glasses," says Shimek. "From the waist up he looked like a Greek god. He weighed 179 pounds. I thought, 'Lordy, he's something.' "

Switzer acquired the habit of phoning Sims on Saturday mornings at Pat James' Conoco service station in Hooks, where Sims worked. Switzer's neighborly calls, which came before each of Oklahoma's games, were just to assure Sims that Switzer was thinking about him.

"One day," says Switzer, "we were playing Colorado in Boulder, and we were on the way to beating them 49-14, and it was about 28 or 35 to nothing at the half. We came in; there wasn't much to do, and I looked over on the wall and saw a pay phone. I said to myself, 'Why I just think I'll call Billy.' So I spent half time of the Colorado game talking to Billy Sims."

"Well, I knew if he was talking to me," says Sims, "he couldn't be talking to anybody else." And that was pretty much that.

Sims had a quiet freshman year at Norman, and then, as a sophomore, he injured his right shoulder in the third game, missed the rest of the season and was granted an extra year of eligibility by the NCAA. The following year he injured his right ankle, also in the third game, and saw limited action thereafter. But last year...

"Last year was, you know, kind of like a survival year," says Sims. "I just tried to come out walking." He did considerably better than that. Running out of the right halfback position in the Oklahoma wishbone, Sims gained more than 100 yards in each of his first two games, against Stanford and West Virginia. Then the Sooners blasted Rice 66-7, and Sims played less than one quarter and gained 33 yards, his only sub-100-yard game of the season. In the Texas game, on national television, Sims rushed for 131 yards and two touchdowns, and his Heisman campaign was off the ground. He added to his credentials by rattling off three straight 200-yard games, the only Big Eight player ever to accomplish that

feat. Sims finished the regular season with 1,762 yards, led the nation with a 160.2 per-game average, scored 20 touchdowns and averaged an NCAA-record 7.6 yards each time he carried the ball.

Still, Sims, a modest man, did not believe he had a shot at the Heisman. He thought Rick Leach, the Michigan senior, would win it, or, if the trophy was to go to a junior, White would be the recipient. "I had no preseason buildup," he says. "Everybody was saying, 'Who's Billy Sims?' I had seen a film on TV of Charles White. USC was promoting him for the Heisman, spending all this money. I never thought I would get it for nothing." Sims also thought his great gaffe—a nationally televised fumble on Nebraska's three-yard line with 3:27 left in the Sooners' only defeat of the year, a boner that probably cost Oklahoma its sixth national championship—would lose him votes.

Looking through the scrapbook his wife, Brenda, put together this summer, Sims brightened after he turned the page that held the picture of the fumble. There, in a 10-year-old's scrawl, was a note, "Dear Billy Sims. Even though we lost to Nebraska you are still the greatest back in America. Love, Greg Switzer. Vote Billy for Hisman [sic]."

It was not long after he brought the trophy from New York to Norman that Sims met White for the first time, at a dinner thrown by the Columbus (Ohio) Touchdown Club. From the podium Sims spoke of his myriad achievements. He said he was happy about winning the Heisman, but admitted there was something his rival had done that he had not yet accomplished. "I wish I could score like he did," said Sims, nodding toward White, "without the football."

White broke up. It is something that Charlie White will always live with, like Wrong Way Riegels and his run. Despite a season that was practically indistinguishable from Sims' for brilliance, White is probably best known for a touchdown he did not really score—the one that beat Michigan 17-10 in the '79 Rose Bowl. It was second and goal at the Michigan three when White flew into the end zone and fumbled the football. Or, gave up the football and flew into the end zone. In either case, it was ruled a touchdown.

"Is it really going to be a big issue?" White asked a writer somewhat defensively one morning on the way to the CBS lot. "I mean, a really big issue?"

Oh, no, he was assured. This was for history.

continued



When the Sooners step out in Norman, they often get down and boogie at The Bunsy Club.



This summer White worked as an extra on TV shows, such as "The White Shadow" with Ker Howard

SIMS VS. WHITE continued

"O.K. then," he said, resignedly. "I gave it up."

There it is. No big thing. There have been plenty of other touchdowns—29, in fact—that White has scored for real since 1976, when he became heir to USC's tradition of the Great Tailback. Recruiting him was no problem for Coach John Robinson. White's choice was USC all the way after he had watched another San Fernando High graduate, Anthony Davis, star as a Trojan tailback. And White's phantom touchdown in no way diminishes his performance. Last year he led the nation in all-purpose running (rushing, receiving and kick returning) with an average of 174.7 yards per game. He rushed for 1,859 yards, 37 fewer than Sims (including bowl games), but he played in one more game and had 374 carries to Sims' 256.

His average of 28 carries per game underscores White's tremendous durability and effort. While Sims runs out of the wishbone, an option offense that is designed to get the ball to any back once the play begins, White is USC's I-back.

That means two things: 1) opponents know for certain that White will carry

the ball 28 times a game and 2) often they know where he will carry it, because many of the plays in USC's running playbook have not changed since former Coach John McKay invented the power-I offense in 1961—22 Blast, 25 Power, 28 Pitch. No USC player will ever be suspended for passing those non-secrets to the enemy.

Thus, when it is noted that in his junior season Charles White blew right on by Mike Garrett, O. J. Simpson, Anthony Davis and Ricky Bell to become the most productive runner in USC history, and that he needs just 1,383 yards this year to surpass Archie Griffin and become the second most productive career runner in college football—it would take 2,288 to beat Tony Dorsett's record 6,082—Sims' chief rival is quite obviously not just a publicity man's idea of a Heisman Trophy candidate.

But that was what White was to the cameras of NBC's Weekend show last October, and it was that segment that Sims and many Oklahoma people remember. Switzer certainly does. He calls it "a national TV thing that USC did to hype White for the Heisman." In truth,

parts of the segment made the USC people cringe.

"It started out to be a piece on how a big-time sports information office functions," says USC publicist Jim Perry. "But by the time it was finished much of it was 'How to buy a guy the Heisman Trophy.' We just could not convince NBC that that was not what we were up to. I don't blame the Oklahoma people for being upset about it."

White has none of Sims' patient reserve. He knows just where to go to find his own personal highlights film, and likes to show it to friends, but he does not have the big head that Anthony Davis was known for when he was at USC. His teammates love him and, in return, White is lavish in praise of them, to the point of reciting ad nauseam the names of all his offensive linemen after every 150-yard game.

"The toughest thing when you get talking about a guy like Charlie is not to get caught up in superlatives," says Coach Robinson. "You want to say 'He's the best' or 'He's the greatest.' 'Better than O. J., Simpson' or 'Better than God.' So I try not to deal in those kinds of terms. My best belief about Charlie White is that that he's the toughest—here I go, right away—but he is the toughest player I've ever been around. He is so strong, with great endurance. You very seldom see him tired or standing around in practice with a towel over his head. I remember Bo Schembechler saying to me after the Rose Bowl, 'I've never seen a guy get hit so often and just keep coming back and coming and coming.' But that's Charlie."

Taking his summer easy, Billy Sims runs a couple of miles early in the morning with teammate David Overstreet some days, and most evenings he pumps a little iron—he bench-presses 380 pounds. He is not overzealous about selling ad space or the musical lighters or the beer-can ashtrays. Mostly he is just laying out. "When I first came here," he says, "man, I worked. But now it ain't nothing. It's like it was in high school, when I might miss practice all week, come to the game Friday and run for 200 yards. I've made this team. I've paid my dues."

For his part, White can't find enough hours in the day. On a typical one he is up at 6, on the set by 8, doing his little bits for the cameras all day long. "There's a lot of sitting around," he says. Then he reads, or raps with the various TV and

movie people. He likes working on *The White Shadow* because during down time he can hit the basketball floor, where he does all sorts of running, flying, dunking numbers over Carver High's finest. If he gets through by 3 or 4, he drives the 21 miles to USC. He might take a few reps on the weight machine, run several sprints on the track—in 1976 he was the fastest prep 330-hurdler in the U.S.—or throw a football around with Quarterback Paul MacDonald, but mostly he stays in shape playing basketball.

One afternoon he got on the court at USC's phys ed building and played full-court, full-speed in the steamy heat for two solid hours with some of his football teammates. By the end of that time, all the others were dragging up and down the court. White was still a dervish. Fast and frisky as a cat, he was the first man up and the first man back on every trip across the floor, leading fast breaks, making steals, blocking shots. "C.W., slow down!" shouted Linebacker Dennis Johnson. Shuttles and gleaming with sweat, with a chest that looks like two bowling balls strapped together and shoulder blades that seem to connect directly to his hips, White had, at six feet and 185 pounds, the most awesome physique among the 25 or 30 linebackers, tackles and tight ends in the gym. No wonder that Robinson truly believes White could be the light-heavyweight boxing champion of the world. When the USC players were examined to ascertain what percentage of their weight was body fat, White tested out at 1.94%. Average well-conditioned athletes test at 7% to 10%. "He's a real machine," says Robinson. "one of those guys who can come through the gates to the practice field and just start running. He doesn't need to loosen up. Lynn Swann was that way. Just run and run and run and run—and then just run off the field when it's over, like a happy puppy."

Like White, Sims has ghosts of players past hovering over him. Billy Vessels was Oklahoma's first Heisman winner, in 1952. And then there were Steve Owens (Heisman 1969), Greg Pruitt and Joe Washington. "Sims is faster than Washington," says Switzer, "probably just as fast as Pruitt, but much bigger. He's not a splatterer like Owens, he's a shrierer. That's it. He's a snaky runner. He snakes and slithers through people and yet he's so strong he can break tackles."

Many people also swear that Sims can

fly. Switzer hates to see him do it—"He can't stop me," says Sims slyly—for fear he might be hurt. But there have been moments when Switzer, like other witnesses, was overwhelmed. "We were getting beat by Vanderbilt in '77," he says, "and Billy did two hurdling acts that day. He got to a first down on a fourth and one when he went airborne for five yards. He also had hurdled from the seven-yard line to score a touchdown. It was about the damndest thing I'd ever seen. The seven-yard line was where his feet left the ground and he landed in the end zone. Ran wide open, full speed and just leapt. Came down for six. No one ever touched him." "In high school," says Sims, "they used to call me 'Crazy Legs.' I think I run more like a chicken with its head cut off."

"In Hollywood," says Charles White, who once got to play a TV sheriff and found that his gun was made of rubber, "everything is fake. Everyone is really someone else playing a role. So when I'm running the ball, I'm someone else. I feel like I'm in a fantasy world. I think I'm a bowling ball running through pins, only this bowling ball is able to change course as it goes along. Or I think of the football as a piece of important mail and it's got to be at a certain place at a certain time. Or I tell myself that I can vanish into thin air. You'd be surprised how that one works. You run right at a guy and he's breathing hard and foaming and thinking, 'Oh, I got him now. I got the best running back in the country coming at me and I been telling all the fellas back home that when I get the chance I'm really going to get him.' And here you come and—shoom!—he's grabbing air and saying, 'Now where'd he go?' And after the game they ask him, 'What did you think of Charles White?' and he says, 'Well, one time I thought I had a real good shot at him and, I don't know, somehow I missed him.' That's what I like to hear most."

When White was a freshman he was found wandering around the lobby of USC's Heritage Hall, where the Heisman trophies won by Garrett (1965) and Simpson (1968) are on display. He idly remarked that he expected to win two of them. "I don't know why I said that," he says now. "It was just stupid. But I would have liked to win two. Now I would like to win one."

Back in Norman, Sims looks up at his bookshelf and laughs. "I already have mine," he says. "Only one guy has ever won it twice, Archie Griffin. Today he's got two trophies. Big deal. What's he doing besides playing football? It's O.K., I like it, but I want to be able to get off into something else. I want to enjoy life a little more, without somebody always hating my butt."

Sims gives another laugh. "No, winning that trophy is nothing to worry about. That's what I told Charlie White. 'Don't worry about it, Charlie,' I said." He laughs harder. "'Cause I'm gonna get it again!"

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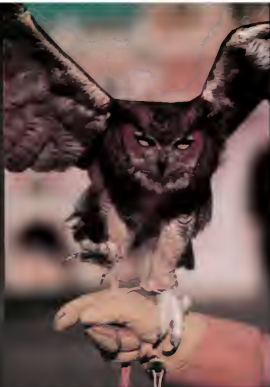
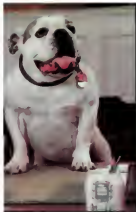


White is as tireless in pickup basketball games as he is on the gridiron

Pageantry in pro football is an end zone full of Suzanne Somers look-alike contest winners breathing deeply for the TV cameras. In college football it is the people in the stadium who get their breath taken away when an animal mascot—like Colorado's buffalo, Ralphie—takes the field

THE BEASTLY DAYS OF AUTUMN





Yale has gone coed, so its latest bulldog is a bitch named Bingo, whose official title remains Handsome Dan. Rice's owl keeps spirits soaring. A forbear of Texas A&M's javelina once bit the school's president.





Give the Baylor bear a soda and he'll follow you anywhere—a helpful hint for Army when it tries to get Navy's goat.



Tennessee's bluetick hound is sort of timid, but the University of Houston's cougar, Shasta IV, is not a scaredy-cat.



SIS-BOOM-GRRRR

"Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam. . . ."—BREWSTER HIGLEY, 1873

Ralphie does not simply wander into Colorado's Folsom Field; Ralphie arrives. Ralphie does not just lead the football team onto the field as a slide-show; Ralphie is the show. Ralphie, a 1,000-pound American bison, is the nation's preeminent college football mascot, although not the most aptly named; Ralphie is a she. Her act is wild and crazy, and you'd better catch it while you can. Real live animal mascots are going the way of the flying wedge.

The reasons are several: a mascot may be on the endangered-species list (like Boston College's bald eagle); or it's hard to find someone willing to care for or feed it (Florida A&M's rattlesnake); or the critters aren't stadium-broken (several schools with artificial-turf fields out-and-out ban animal mascots). The trend is toward dressing someone up in a Muppet-like suit and turning him loose in the stands. But Miss Piggy doesn't quite have the same élan as, say, Ragnar, the former Arkansas mascot, which one night ate a wild coyote that invaded his pen, leaving only a small patch of fur as testimony to what pugnacious porkers can do.

There is something about a live animal that stirs loyalists. Besides, how can a team be for real if its mascot is a fake? Not to worry in Boulder. One thing opposing teams realize very quickly is that Ralphie is the genuine article. When the band breaks into *Glory, Glory, Colorado*, 50,000 fans puff up with pride as Ralphie thunders the length of the Astro-Turf field. Then she wheels and heads back upfield, stopping only to menace the opposition's bench. Finally she stampedes back into her trailer. Once she missed the trailer and headed out toward where the deer and the antelope play.

The scoreboard immediately flashed: RALPHIE, COME HOME. She did. A good thing, too. Ralphie is so popular she once was elected homecoming queen. Which is why Colorado has a big problem on the eve of the 1979 season.

After 12 years, Ralphie I is retiring. Ralphie II was introduced at the last game of the '78 season. "She was awful," says one university official. "She didn't do anything. Just stood there. She might as well have been a cow. I understand they are now trying to teach her to run."

The smart money says that when Colorado needs a win badly, Ralphie I will be back, in the manner of Kate Smith singing *God Bless America* in the Spectrum before crucial Philadelphia Flyer games. "Ralphie's willing," says Associate Athletic Director Fred Casotti. "After all, a buffalo is so ominous. What could be a better mascot? I mean, some guy riding a horse isn't a helluva lot."

That, of course, draws protests at places like USC, where Traveler III, a white Arabian, is revered. At one game USC wouldn't allow Texas Tech's black stallion, Happy VI, to perform on the dubious ground that one horse was enough for any stadium. Back in the friendlier confines of Lubbock, Happy VI is ridden crazily around the field on his own rubberized track whenever the Red Raiders score. Once, back in the days when cannon fire accompanied the ride, an official yelled to the Tech coach after such a performance, "Remount and reload, we have a penalty."

The University of Arkansas doesn't welcome rival animal mascots, either, perhaps for fear the fur might fly; its razorback—actually, razorbacks are nearly extinct and the school is making do with

a mixed-breed hog—may be the meanest mascot in captivity.

Once, in a budget cutback, Ragnar's predecessor, Big Red III, was shipped off to an animal exhibit in Eureka Springs. Mike McDonald, an assistant trainer for Arkansas, recalls, "The thing went crazy. We had to jump behind trees to avoid being gored. Somebody broke a fence post over Big Red's head and the thing never flinched." It took four hours to get him into a cage. Two weeks later Big Red escaped and, after several months at large, broke into a barnyard near Barryville, Ark., where an irate farmer shot and killed him lest he molest a prize sow. That afternoon Arkansas suffered its only loss of the 1977 season, to Texas, 13-9.

When it comes to mascots, the fiercer the better. After all, the idea is to create the illusion of invincibility. The University of Texas has the right idea with its Longhorn steer, Bevo X. Never mind that he is slightly tranquilized before each game. Never mind that all he does is stand around. Never mind that his detractors call him Bevo the Cow. He looks wild. Once Earl Campbell crashed into Bevo in the end zone. Because Campbell got up after the crash, and Bevo, who had been lying down, kept lying down, the collision was ruled a draw. Nobody mentions in front of Bevo X that Bevo I ended up as steaks at a football banquet.

Some other animal mascots have met untimely ends. Once a Baylor bear got his collar and chain wrapped around his neck when he tried to climb to a tree limb. He choked to death. The cynical called it suicide, in view of Baylor's 0-10 record that season. Baylor bears are called "Judge." A recently retired one dotted on his customary touchdown Dr Pepper, the arrival of which would make him "nearly go berserk," according to a former trainer. The school's two new cubs are kept on 7 Up.

Houston's Shasta IV isn't particularly surly, but she and her cougar predecessors have been hard to keep pet-friendly. One time, Shasta I was allowed to fly with fans to an away game. The odor emanating from her cage didn't make her a

continued

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MASCOTS continued

big hit with fellow passengers, and since then Shastas have usually ridden in trailers. Once delivered, however, a cougar can be a most practical mascot; before a 1975 game in Miami's Orange Bowl, Shasta III guarded Houston equipment being held in a locker room that recently had been burglarized. Nary a chin strap was taken.

At Texas A&I the mascot is a javelina, a wild pig indigenous to the area and an intrepid fighter. In 1929 two javelina mascots were allowed free run of the campus. But one of them attacked the school president, R. B. Cousins, and bit him on the leg. Since then, Texas A&I mascots have been caged.

Sometimes mascots aren't what they appear to be. North Carolina State students sent \$150 to an animal dealer for a wolf. After it was on campus for a while, it was discovered to be a coyote. State now dresses two sheepish students in wolf's clothing. At Tennessee the mascot is Smokey IV, a bluetick hound. His donor, the Rev. W. C. Brooks of Knoxville, says Smokey is not temperamentally suited for his job. "They set off some firecrackers close to him when he was very young, and he has been scared to death ever since," he says.

Generally animal mascots lead pretty cushy lives. Mike IV, the LSU Bengal tiger, has an air-conditioned cage. Seven years ago, when word spread that he had been in a highway accident and was bleeding heavily, the people in Crowley, La., immediately offered to give blood. Mike made it without them.

The Georgia Bulldogs' current bulldog mascot is Uga III, who, during games, occupies a huge air-conditioned "fireplug" doghouse. Uga's father and grandfather are buried under the Sanford Stadium scoreboard. Uga I's tombstone reads: DAMN GOOD DOG. The epitaph of Uga II, who presided when Georgia won two SEC championships and appeared in five bowl games, is: NOT BAD FOR A DOG.

Mascot-napping is as American as, well, the American bison. While Army boasts that its moles have never been heisted, despite many attempts, Navy goats have often been swiped. All the mascots are vulnerable, even Ralphie. Air Force cadets nabbed her a few years ago, and she suffered the indignity of being dressed up like a buffalo burger and paraded around the field.

—DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



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SCOUTING REPORTS

THE TOP 20



L USC

Give a Top-20 coach half a chance to point out his squad's chief weakness, and he'll gratefully pounce on it. Why? Because by mentioning even the smallest of defects he spotted in his juggernaut during spring practice, he may well save his job come late fall. But ask John

Robinson what USC lacks and he's stumped. After bemoaning and hawing, the best he can come up with is, "Talented players don't always repeat productive seasons."

Preseason pickers like to cover themselves, too. So we'll try to help Robinson out. Uh, well, there are nearly a dozen regulars from last year's UPI national championship team coming off injuries, and, uh, six games are on the road. But in all honesty, all of those players were hale last week, and aside from trips to Notre Dame and Washington, the road schedule isn't threatening. Certainly not nearly as intimidating as the Trojans who will be making those journeys. Among them are 15 returning starters, including left-handed Paul McDonald, the only proven star at quarterback on the three or four teams that figure to be vying for No. 1. Last year McDonald completed 57% of his passes for 1,690 yards and outfoxed enemy defenders for a Trojan-record 19 touchdowns. Based on the NFL formula for rating quarterbacks (a computation that weighs percentage of completions, touchdowns, interceptions and yards per pass attempt), McDonald had a 101.6 rating—which is higher than that for any of the last 19 Pac 10 (or Pac 8 as it was known until the 1978 season) passing champions.

McDonald will often throw to Kevin (Scoring Bug) Williams, a 5' 8", 155-pound former California prep 100-yard sprint champion (9.4), who converted 10 of his 17 receptions into touchdowns last season. Still, the passing game produced only 38% of USC's 4,979 total yards, and because Charles White (page 34) is returning at tailback, it's safe to assume that percentage will not rise. All-America Guard Pat Howell is gone, but otherwise the line is intact and so mammoth that one dog-whipped opponent exclaimed, "When they stand up, they see Deever." Brad Budde, an All-America candidate at guard, is 6' 5", 253 pounds, and Tackle Anthony Munoz (who also pitched in relief on the Trojans' No. 1-ranked baseball team in 1978) is 6' 7", 280. Line Coach Hudson Houck won't soon forget

how Munoz drove a defender from the 15-yard line all the way back into a goalpost last season.

In 1978 USC yielded just 91.3 yards a game rushing, second-lowest in the nation behind Penn State. Linebacker Dennis Johnson, last season's leading tackler, is back, and Ty Spertling is the starter at nose guard—no big fall-off there, considering that against UCLA last year, with a Rose Bowl berth at stake, he sacked the Bruin quarterback for losses of 12, 12 and nine yards.

And here's one more non-excuse for Robinson. Joe Terranova, a market researcher who watches hundreds of high school game films a year and reports on who does best in the scramble for high school prospects, concludes that USC came out on top for the second straight year. If you doubt that opinion, perhaps you'd like to debate it with any of the seven freshmen linemen Robinson landed. They average out to 6' 5" and 243 pounds.

"We're faced with the myth that our athletes are invincible," says Robinson, still scratching. "We like it, but it's still a myth." So are national championships, and they are liked, too. Barring an epidemic of swelled heads, USC should win its ninth.

2. Alabama



Not long after Alabama's Sugar Bowl upset of top-ranked Penn State in January—which earned the Tide the No. 1 rating in the AP poll, Coach Bear Bryant cracked a few ribs and was taken to the hospital. News reports said that Bryant hurt himself when he fell stepping

ping out of the shower, but the real story, as Alabamians tell it, is that while Bear was out walking his ducks, he was hit by a motorboat. Among card-carrying Crimson Tide rooters such delirium is understandable. Though national titles elsewhere are as rare as a Bama undergraduate who has never heard of parlay cards, Bryant has won five in 21 seasons at Alabama.

This year, thoughts of anything less than a clean sweep in the regular season and another national title are considered heretical in Tuscaloosa. After all, Bama has never lost more than one game in a season following a No. 1 ranking. And the schedule is heaven-sent, with workouts against Georgia Tech, Baylor, Wichita State and Miami replacing tests against the sterner likes of Nebraska, USC, Missouri and Washington. As one student entrepreneur observed, "I guess Bear is mad as the sculpers. We'll have to come up with something to unload our tickets."

Bryant's biggest task will be replacing Quarterback Jeff Rutledge, a three-year starter who threw 30 touchdown passes to break a Tide record held by Joe Namath. Steadman Shealy, a typically bandsome, blood, blue-eyed Omicron Delta Kappa who last fall ran and passed—he completed nine of 14 attempts—for 473 yards as Rutledge's under-

study, gets first crack at the job. But Shealy has undergone knee surgery, and "He's not as quick as he once was," world-class pessimist Bryant says. But even Bear is obliged to add, "Still, he's not slow crippled."

Otherwise, the offense is robust. Split End Keith Pugh twists, lunges, soars (pick any two on a given pass play) as he makes eye-popping catches. Halfbacks Major Ogilvie and Mitch Ferguson and Fullback Billy Jackson all gained 5.5 yards or more a carry. The line features a trio of All-SEC blockers: Dwight Stephenson, Jim Bunch and Mike Brock.

On defense, 'Bama has lost five stars, among them first-round NFL picks Barry Krauss, a linebacker, and Marty Lyons, a tackle. But the line still includes faces all too familiar to Penn State—Byron Baggs, Curtis McGriff and Wayne Hamilton. And if Tackle David Hannah, a 1977 starter who missed '78 because of a knee injury, stays as fit as he was in the spring, Bryant can buttress the secondary by shifting All-SEC E. J. Junior from the line to safety.

The Tide has seven home games, four of them in Tuscaloosa, where it has won 45 straight. The big one won't come until . . . the Sugar Bowl against—Notre Dame? Georgia? Penn State? The only regular-season upset possibilities would seem to be in an October outing at Florida and in the season finale against archrival Auburn.

Not that Bryant agrees. "In the first place," he growls, "the schedule isn't easy. In the second place, every one of those teams would rather beat Alabama than anybody they play." Hey, Bear, you just won another award—from the Tuscaloosa Scalpers' Society.

3. Nebraska

If there's one thing Nebraskans love even more than seeing Running Back I. M. Hipp break a tackle on the way to another 200-yard game (he's rushed for that distance or more in three games), it's a bonfire. Like the blaze before the Cornhuskers upset No. 1-ranked

Oklahoma last November, which, among other things, was fueled by a piano, beds, police barricades and several vending machines. Or the one during spring practice in April when six live turkeys got barbecued.

The ASPCA rightfully hit the roof, and Lincoln cops moved in to make arrests. They collared three Cornhusker players, who subsequently were arraigned. There was no excuse for such behavior, because the players should have had more than their fill of roasting turkeys—read opponents—on the field.

In '78 Nebraska incinerated six teams and made the Top Ten in the polls for a 10th straight year. Nonetheless the season was a disappointment. Late in the fourth quarter of the finale against Missouri, the Huskers led 31-28 and appeared to be headed for the Orange Bowl to play Penn State for the national title. But the Tigers rallied to win 35-31, and

Nebraska was rematched against Oklahoma, in the Orange Bowl, with no chance of becoming No. 1.

But, disappointments aside, last year provided some heady portents for this season. Moreover, during the regular season Nebraska averaged 501.4 yards a game. Because the ballcarriers who amassed 73% of the rushing yardage and the receivers who caught 81% of the passes are still on hand, the Huskers figure to be tougher than they've been since they won the national championships in 1970 and '71, especially because they'll be driven by the desire to gobble up the honors they missed last year.

No Nebraskan is more fired up than Tight End Junior Miller, whose 33 receptions produced five touchdowns and 609 yards. After he caught five passes and ran roughshod over Kansas State, Wildcat Coach Jim Dickey groaned, "The way he mowed down our defensive backs, maybe the Humane Society ought to send him a letter." The Huskers will also throw to Tim Smith, the No. 3 receiver in 1978 despite doubling as a play messenger. Or to Wingback Kenny Brown, a breakout threat any time he has the ball downfield, who, former Coach Bob Devaney says, "is as valuable to this team as Johnny Rogers was to the 1970 and '71 national champions." And then there's Hipp, the first Nebraska runner to gain 1,000 yards in back-to-back seasons. The Huskers do have to replace Quarterback Tom Sorely, an able runner and a 58% passer. Candidates Jeff Quinn, Mark Maurer and Bruce Mathison all have promise.

The defense will field 17 lettermen, including nine of the top 10 linemen who helped Nebraska lead the Big Eight in stopping the rush last season. Unfortunately, the offensive line is in nowhere near as good shape, having lost two sets of quality tackles and guards.

Forgotten in the Chuck Fairbanks-Colorado-Boston Patriots sitcom of last spring was that Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne was offered the Colorado job first. Osborne also holds a doctorate in educational psychology. He didn't turn Colorado down just to watch bonfires.

4. Texas

When Coach Fred Akers took over in 1977, he inherited a once-proud team that had a 5-5-1 record. He figured he would be lucky to match that if he let things remain the way they were. So he retooled the offense, turning Earl Campbell loose. The Longhorns finished



11-1, and Campbell was voted the Heisman Trophy.

Then in 1978 Akers, who had few boldover stars, was forced to play eight freshmen in key positions and watched as his team suffered nearly as many injuries as Leonidas' boys did at Thermopylae. Even so, Texas ended up ranked ninth in the country. No wonder there's a consensus abiding that Akers is fast becoming—I'll finish this thought in a moment, then back to you, Keith—some kind of coach.

continued

If there are any doubters left, Akers should convert them this fall. With 20 first-teamers back, he has the wherewithal to mount a serious challenge for the national title. Once again, Texas' strength lies in its defense. There are nine starters on hand from the 1978 unit that gave up only 104.6 yards a game rushing and was the SWC's toughest to score on. Ricky Churchman, Derrick Hatchett and All-America Johnnie Johnson are mainstays in a secondary that held Rice, TCU and SMU, the conference's three top passing teams, to zero touchdowns. The luminaries up front are Steve McMichael, called Bam-Bam by his teammates, who made a team-high 142 tackles, and Bill Acker, whose specialties are sacks (14) and forcing fumbles (six).

Texas fans gasped last May when it was reported that McMichael had reached under the hood of his car while the engine was on and got his hands caught in the fan. The cuts have all healed, and surprisingly, the fan wasn't damaged. What has been damaged is the Longhorn kicking game, now that All-America Russell Erxleben has moved on to the New Orleans Saints. But even here Akers is not without a leg up: freshman Jeff Guy and sophomore John Goodson are both bright prospects.

Quarterback Donnie Little's fumbling on national TV—he lost the ball twice before network cameras—is not the habit viewers might suppose it to be. Though Little completed just 16 of 52 passes last fall, he excelled in spring drills, and Akers is confident that Texas' aerial game will be improved. "Donnie developed more poise and a stronger arm," Akers says. Little's running has never been questioned.

The offensive line has experience, as does the starting backfield. But depth is a concern. One thing the Longhorns don't lack, however, is Joneses. Though Running Back Ham is gone, Lam, Jam and Ram are back and are rarin' to go. Lam is Johnny Jones, the 1976 Olympic gold-medalist who led Texas in receptions (25) last year. Jam is actually A. J. Jones, who as a freshman was the leading Longhorn rusher in 1978. Ram is Jones Ramsey, SR, Texas' sports publicist who created the nicknames.

The Longhorn schedule reads like an AP poll. The non-conference opponents include Missouri and Oklahoma, and in the SWC, Texas must play Arkansas, Houston, Texas A&M and SMU—on the road. If none of those teams is at the Cotton Bowl come January, Texas will be there. And no doubt you'll be hearing how Akers did it again.

5. Purdue

By his own admission, Mark Herrmann is a stick-in-the-mud, more in the mold of Andy Hardy than Tony Manero. He still dates his high school sweetheart. His best friend has been his best friend since childhood. Evenings he usually stays in the Sigma Chi house. He admits

that he has to force himself to socialize with his teammates and says that although he is a junior he is just beginning to know them well. "I think we've got a mutual respect," Herrmann says. "I can give constructive criticism or compliments now." Of course, a stick-in-the-mud is usually calm and controlled at all times, which is just dandy for Herrmann on the field but makes him something of an oddball in West Lafayette these days.

Aside from Herrmann just about everybody at Purdue is gaga because this could be the year the Boilermakers crack the Michigan-Ohio axis that has ruled the Big Ten for the last 11 years. "You walk around campus and you hear people say, 'We've ordered our tickets for Pasadena, we're going to the Rose Bowl,'" Herrmann says. "Well, I haven't ordered my tickets yet." Herrmann is the man responsible for the state of excitement. He has already passed for 4,357 yards and has only to surpass Chicago Bear Mike Phipps and Miami Dolphin Bob Griese to become Purdue's No. 1 alltime quarterback. "Yeah, but my arm could be stronger," Herrmann says. "And my legs and upper body."

Herrmann cut his interceptions from 27 in '77 to 12 last year, and he hit on 55.5% of his passes—14 for touchdowns. Suddenly Purdue, which hadn't had a winning season since 1972, soared to 9-2-1, beat Ohio State for the first time since 1967 and got a bowl bid (Peach), only its second in 91 years. Bid No. 3 should be forthcoming this November. An invitation to the Rose Bowl isn't too far-fetched—not with Ohio State off the schedule. And not with all 11 offensive starters from the Peach Bowl team back, including Running Back John Macon (913 yards in '78) and receivers Mike Harris, Bart Burrell and Dave Young.

In fact, the Boilermakers have an embarrassment of riches and are in a quandary about finding room for blue-chip freshman Running Back Jimmy Smith, a speedster who handled six kickoffs and returned four of them for touchdowns for Westview high school in Kankakee, Ill. How highly sought was Smith? Well, Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer thought enough of him to phone Smith's coach from New York the night Billy Sims got the Heisman Trophy.

The team's flex defense, patterned in part on that of the Dallas Cowboys, features Purdue's alltime leading tackler, Linbocker Kevin Motts, and All-Big Ten linemen Ken Loushin and Keena Turner. In 1978, Turner tackled opponents for losses 25 times for a total of 201 yards. Three-fourths of the secondary is new, and Coach Jim Young needs replacements at punter and placekicker. Not to worry. Assessing safeties Tim Seneff and Bill Kay, defensive coordinator Leon Burnett says, "Abilitywise, they're better than what we had last year." And freshman placekicker Walt Drupeza booted a 50-yarder in high school.

"Our standard defense has the ability to be great," Burnett beams.

"It's the finest recruiting year I've ever had as a coach," chimes in Young.

"We'll be No. 1," is the boast frequently beard at the Chocolate Shoppe, a local bar.

"I hope folks aren't expecting too much," says Herrmann.



6. Penn State



Two years ago Dayle Tate broke his hand. Sorry to hear that, Dayle—whoever you are—but what's that got to do with the Top 20? Well, Dayle Tate is an extremely promising quarterback who has spent the last couple of seasons not playing behind Chuck Fusina at Penn State.

Oh, sure, he's gotten into a few games, like last year's early-season outing against Rutgers. Tate suffered a broken collarbone in that one. Thus, in two seasons Tate has played less than one quarter of varsity ball. But now that Fusina, who holds just about every Nittany Lion individual passing and offensive record, is gone, Tate, a junior, is the man. If he goes down, so does Penn State.

"Those broken bones were difficult to cope with," he says. "For me, Jesus was the answer. If I play, I'll praise the Lord, and if not, I'll praise Him anyway. But I have a feeling my time has come."

If he's right, the Nittany Lions could string together a second straight season of the type of football the East is supposed to produce about once a decade. Last year Penn State merely went 11-1, achieved No. 1 ranking for the first time in its 92-year history, slipping to No. 4 only after losing to Alabama in the Sugar Bowl.

The chances for just such a repeat look good. Tate's performance in the spring game was astonishing—19 for 43 for 257 yards and a touchdown. And the forward wall of the nation's No. 1 defense (it allowed only 54.5 yards rushing a game) returns pretty much intact. And in Booker Moore, Mike Guman and Matt Suhay, the Nittany Lions have a set of running backs that accounted for 1,673 yards and 15 of the team's 21 touchdowns last season.

Defensive tackles Matt Millen and Bruce Clark and leading sacker Larry Kuhn join three other 1978 starters on a unit that forced turnovers resulting in 101 points—or 9.2 a game. Because State yielded only 8.8 points a game, how effective does the offense have to be? Clark (270 pounds) won the Lombardi Award as the nation's top lineman or line-backer, and Millen (255) was among the four finalists for the award. Back, too, is Linebacker Lance Mehl, the team's leading tackler last season.

There could be shortcomings in the defensive backfield, because several erstwhile starters—most notably Pete Harris, who led the nation with 10 interceptions—are academically ineligible. Coach Joe Paterno got that bad news just as fall practice began, but he had worked Grover Edwards at Harris' safety spot in the spring and was pleased. Thus, the question is not whether State's defense will be good, but whether it will be good enough to rival last season's. That unit held Alabama 16.1 points under its scoring average and shut out Ohio State, which ranked among the national leaders with 29.5 points a game.

All-America Placekicker Matt Bahr now plays for the Pittsburgh Steelers, but Herb Menhardt booted 50- and 32-yard field goals in the spring game, and Brian Franco kicked one from 42 yards out. Paterno's only serious concern is

the offensive line, which he spent most of spring drills rebuilding. Paterno would like the time to develop the young line slowly, but he'll not have that luxury. After opening against Rutgers, the Lions face Texas A&M on Sept. 22 and Nebraska at Lincoln on Sept. 29.

That's when Tate will know for sure if, praise the Lord, this time his time finally has come.

7. Georgia



You can tell Vince Dooley has a real shot at dumping Alabama off its perch at the top of the Southeastern Conference this fall because he is beginning to sound just like Bear Bryant. Bryant is as famous for poor-mouthing his squad's chances in the spring and summer as

Alabama is famous for winning in the fall. But Dooley is catching on. Listen: "Our No. 1 problem is finding individuals to fill key positions," he says. "And though it's a problem on offense, it's more acute on defense."

Dooley warmed up his act last year, predicting all manner of dire doings in Athens during the 1978 season. But the Bulldogs surprised everybody by going 9-2-1. This year, mainly because the two fine quarterbacks who led that team are still around and have plenty to work with, Georgia might be even better, never mind what Dooley says. Moreover, because Alabama isn't on the schedule, Georgia has a chance of going undefeated in the SEC. Even Alabama can't top that.

On defense, Dooley's philosophy has always been: if you dress, you play. So, although five 1978 starters are gone, 19 lettermen are back, including the entire secondary. Georgia has some good ones up front, too, especially two-year starters Robert Goodwin, Jimmy Payne and Eddie (Meat Cleaver) Weaver. Last season Payne came out of nowhere—which is to say, high school—to lead the Bulldogs in sacks, with eight. Though he's also only a sophomore, Weaver, a six-foot, 273-pound guard, is already acclaimed the Bulldogs' strongest defender ever.

Jeff Pyburn, the No. 1 quarterback and a 54% passer, is: a) the son of the defensive secondary coach, Jim Pyburn; b) teacher of Bible classes; and c) married to a recently crowned Georgia beauty queen. Behind him is Buck Belue, who is single, stronger of arm and pushing hard to take Pyburn's job away. It was Belue who rallied the Bulldogs from a 0-20 deficit to a 29-28 victory over Georgia Tech to close out their regular season with a win over their traditional rival. Both quarterbacks will throw often to Lindsay Scott. Last season he caught 36 passes, was among the national leaders in kickoff returns and was named the SEC Freshman of the Year.

The SEC Player of the Year was Bulldog Tailback Willie McClendon, who now wears the uniform of the Chicago Bears, but his replacement, sophomore Matt Simon, av-

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eraged more yards a carry (5.2) than McClendon. Simon will be working behind pretty much the same line that sprung McClendon for 1,312 yards. The best of the blockers, Center Ray Donaldson, is so good that Dooley, stepping out of character, has called him "the best I've had anywhere, ever."

Other pluses: Rex Robinson is an All-SEC placekicker, and Georgia has plenty of depth because, for the second year in a row, Dooley's recruiting was tops in the conference. Among the signees are four running backs who, Dooley says, are ready to play right now, and Dwayne Puckett, a 6' 8", 329-pound tackle, who is the largest Bulldog player ever. Heck, he may be the largest person in Georgia ever. So what has Dooley to whine about?

"Last year we were lucky," he moans. "In five games the difference was a total of six points. Turn those points around, and we'd have had a losing season." Well, hang in there, Vince. You figure to be even luckier this year.

8. Notre Dame



Coach Dan Devine surely would prefer something a bit softer, now that he is in the final season of a five-year contract. But there it is—a genuine backbreaker of a schedule. "We face Michigan, Purdue and Michigan State for starters, and we finish up in Tokyo," he says.

"Which may not be a bad place for me to set up residence."

No Irish schedule has started out as menacingly as, well, last year's. And Notre Dame fans won't soon forget what happened then. The Irish, the defending national champions, lost both their opener and Game 2, to Missouri and Michigan, for the first time in 82 years. And if that wasn't bad enough, both defeats came in South Bend. As a consequence, Devine appeared to be headed for the same fate as the Seudebaker. The irony is that before he got the job, Notre Dame had tough schedules about as often as it recruited 175-pound linemen. For instance, in 1973 and '74, the last two seasons under Devine's predecessor, Ara Parseghian, Notre Dame played Army, Navy, Air Force, Northwestern and Rice—and outscored them 385-37. In contrast, this year's schedule includes six teams invited to 1978 bowls, plus Michigan State, which is the defending Big Ten co-champion and was uninvited only because it was on NCAA probation.

Gone is the Comeback Kid, Quarterback Joe Montana. In his place is Rusty Lisch, an architecture major who was red-shirted last season. Devine had Lisch penciled in as his starting quarterback in 1977. That didn't last very long as Montana made a specialty of coming to the rescue after the Lisch-led Irish had fallen behind. This season, however, Lisch must work without a net.

But he may not have to worry, because he has strong runners who should keep the Irish in every game. The best of

them is Vagas Ferguson, who holds the Notre Dame rushing records for a single game (255 yards vs. Georgia Tech) and a season (1,192), and is just 648 yards shy of passing George Gipp and Jerome Heavens and becoming the leading Irish career ground-gainer. And Vagas doesn't just pile it up against the likes of Georgia Tech; he blasted for 100 yards and the MVP award when Notre Dame beat Texas in the 1978 Cotton Bowl with the national title at stake. Also lining up behind Lisch will be Jim Stone, who is a step faster and a bit more slippery than the usual Irish bulldozer-type halfback, and sophomore Fullback Pete Buchanan, a terror on third-and-short last fall when he bucked in for scores against such superb rushing defenses as Houston's, Tennessee's and Southern California's.

On defense, the Irish are concerned about replacing two linebackers and Tackle Jeff Weston, who was their top tackler (75) in 1978. John Hankerd, a converted linebacker, replaced an injured Scott Zettek at defensive end last season. Zettek hasn't fully recovered, so Hankerd will remain at end. Sophomore Joe Gramke saw considerable playing time as a freshman at end; he is also remembered for tackling Houston Quarterback Danny Davis on fourth and one with two minutes left in the Cotton Bowl game. The Irish won the game on the next possession.

After that 0-2 start last fall, Notre Dame won nine of 10 and jelled into one of the nation's top five or six teams, although the polls didn't place the Irish higher than 10th until they knocked off Southwest Conference champion Houston 35-34 in the Cotton Bowl.

"We'll have a good first unit on defense, a good first team on offense," Devine says. "But we'll need help from freshmen and players coming off injuries." If Lisch and the younger Irish aren't overwhelmed in the early going, Notre Dame could win nine again. And a new contract for Devine.

9. Texas A&M



After five games last season, the Aggies were unbeaten and ranked No. 5, but then underdog Houston pelexaxed them 33-0 and the next week Baylor, of all teams, upset them in College Station. A&M fans were not happy. And three days later Coach Emory Ballard resigned. His offensive coordinator, Tom Wilson, was handed a whistle and told to do what he could. On the first play under Wilson, the Aggies, strictly a run-run-run wishbone team during Ballard's regime, threw a 53-yard touchdown pass. "Know how long I've wanted to send in that play?" asked Wilson afterward. Right then he installed a flashy I formation, which the Aggie players needed time to master. And the new attack fizzled against Arkansas and Texas, producing just one touchdown in each game, both losses. "Ha!" said the wishbone diehards. "Ha!" said Wilson after his players, having grasped the intricacies of

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THE TOP 20 continued

the I, finished the regular season 7-4 and whipsawed Iowa State in the Hall of Fame Bowl. Wilson admits that changing offenses in midseason hurt A&M, but he's sure it was the right move. "It helped recruiting," he says. "And in spring practice, our youngsters knew what we wanted. So playing the I last season smoothed the transition for this year."

During their hybrid season the Aggies scored 263 points and finished No. 2 among Southwest Conference teams in offense (390.5 yards a game) and No. 3 in rushing (272.5 yards). Because Wilson plans to run "the complete I with various motions," the passing attack should improve. "We have to exploit Curtis Dickey and Mike Mosley," he says.

Tailback Dickey, the conference's 100-meter champ (10.2), slashed for 1,146 yards despite injuries that limited him to 205 carries. Wilson wants him to carry the ball 30 to 35 times a game, which means that, should Dickey maintain his 5.6-yards-per-carry average, he will surpass Earl Campbell's alltime SWC single-season record of 1,744 yards. Aggie devotees caught a glimpse of a healthy Dickey running out of the I in the Hall of Fame Bowl, where he exploded for a record 276 yards on 34 carries.

Quarterback Mosley is a remarkable and versatile athlete. Last May, in the conference track and field championships, he was third in the long jump (24' 9 1/2") and fifth in high hurdles (13.8). And like Dickey, he has yet to achieve all that is expected of him in football. He has size (6' 2", 180 pounds) and a rifle arm—he completed 80 of 139 passes for 1,157 yards in '78—but until Wilson took over, he had always been a wishbone quarterback. "The passing scheme is new to him," Wilson said at the close of spring drills. "But he made real progress."

Fullback David Brothers returns, but the big news at that position is George Woodard. Literally. As a junior in 1977, Woodard bulled for 1,107 yards to become the all-time leading Aggie rusher. But Big George's weight ballooned with his stats, and by the end of that season he was up to 285 pounds. Then he broke a leg playing softball, went to 305 and was dropped from the football team in 1978. Woodard missed spring practice this year, too, but by July he had shed 50 pounds, and Wilson invited him back to the squad. "Woodard is the ideal fullback for the I," Wilson says.

A&M's defense has a rebuilt secondary and smallish linebackers, but it is ferocious up front, especially at end, where Jacob Green sets it.

The seating capacity of the Aggies' Kyle Field is being expanded by 18,000 seats to 72,000, but the remodeling isn't finished yet. Originally the expansion was to be completed by Sept. 8, the date of the Aggies' home opener against Brigham Young. Then it was rolled back to Oct. 13 for the Houston game. But it rained heavily in April and May, work had to be halted, and all those extra seats have gone aglimmering for this season. That is especially bad news because any little bit of help A&M can get for its home games with SMU, Arkansas and Texas would be appreciated. And the roar of those extra Aggie fans would qualify as a lot of help. Even so, with Woodard reborn and Dickey flying, one bunch should be quiet anyhow—all those wishbone diehards.



10. Oklahoma

Suppose Oklahoma dried up and blew away. Or dropped out of intercollegiate football. Does anyone seriously think that even then it would drop out of the Top 20? In six seasons under Coach Barry Switzer, the Sooners have been 62-6-2; that figures out to a .900 won-lost

percentage, the nation's best in that span. What is surprising is finding the Sooners at the bottom of the Top Ten this season, especially since Heisman Trophy winner Bill Sims (page 34) will still be carrying the mail for them. Most years, that would mean a ranking no lower than No. 2, but the losses from the 1978 squad are too great a burden for even Sims to carry. No longer on hand are Outland Trophy winner Greg Roberts and 10 other stars who were gobbled up in the first 12 rounds of the NFL draft. Gone is Place-kicker Uwe von Schamann, who succeeded on seven of 11 field-goal tries and 59 PATs without a miss. Gone is Thomas Lost, whom Switzer calls "the best wishbone quarterback we've ever had at Oklahoma." In all, Switzer will open the season using four new players—three linemen and a linebacker—on defense and seven on offense, including four linemen.

The years of great Sooner quarterbacks are referred to as eras. There was the Bobby Warmack era and the Jack Mullen era. The Steve Davis era and, of course, the Thomas Lost era. Supposedly, 1979 will see the dawning of the Julius Caesar Watts era. J.C., as he is known, saw spot duty last fall, and hit on only 34.2% of his passes. However, Sooner fans need not despair quite yet, because as a senior at Eufrata (Okla.) High in 1975, Watts led the state in passing by throwing for more than 1,000 yards.

Two returnees left in the offensive line that helped Sims immensely in winning the Heisman are 242-pound Center Louis Oubre and 250-pound Guard Paul Tabor. A Tabor block cleared the way for Sims to romp for 42 yards and a touchdown against Missouri. Another, against Texas, sprung Kenny King for a 55-yard gain that set up Oklahoma's first TD. Guard Terry Crouch and 6' 5", 280-pound Tackle Lyndle Byford, both redshirts, have good potential, but their presence does not erase the fact that Oklahoma has inexperienced blocking for a green quarterback.

The running, though, is strong and deep. In addition to Sims, there are David Overstreet and Freddie Nixon, both of whom averaged 6.5 yards a carry or more, and four blue-chip freshman backs, among them Stanley Wilson, a six-foot, 193-pound Los Angeles schoolboy All-America.

The secondary returns intact, and in rebuilding the rest of the defense around Tackle John Goodman, End Bruce Tison and Linebacker George Cumby, Oklahoma has a strong foundation. Cumby was the Big Eight Defensive Player of the Year in 1977, and last year he had 114 tackles and five interceptions. Cumby took one of those passes 40 yards for a touchdown. And who is going to push around Paul Parker, a 6' 3", 290-pound freshman? He and junior college transfer Keith Gary are the likely starters at

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tackle. "We had our best recruiting year since 1975," says Switzer, and that was the class of Roberts, Lott, von Schamann, et al.

So if the newcomers and Julius Caesar Watts mature quickly, Oklahoma will be O.K. Maybe A.O.K., because the schedule includes such weak non-conference opponents as Iowa, Tulsa and Rice. The toughies will be against Texas in October, and the last two against Missouri and Nebraska. All three of those teams have losing records against Switzer-coached squads, so you can be sure they will come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

11. Michigan



In recent years, Michigan has seemingly had about as much personnel turnover as the Pittsburgh Steelers. You can almost hear the litany: Rick Leach fakes a handoff to Russell Davis and gives to Harlan Huckleby, who goes for four up the middle. With that familiar cast, the

Wolverines had the nation's ninth-best ground game and its fourth-highest scoring attack in 1978. They shared the Big Ten title with Michigan State and lost in the Rose Bowl for the third straight time. But Coach Bo Schembechler has finally been forced to issue a casting call, and until his almost totally new offensive unit gets settled in, Michigan will be just another contender—for the Big Ten title, a Rose Bowl berth and a Top 20 ranking.

It is the defense that will keep the Wolverines in the race for those distinctions. Just about everybody who matters is back from the 1978 crew that was the country's second most difficult to score on, having allowed just eight points a game. In fact, during the past decade, a period that coincides exactly with Schembechler's term as coach, Michigan has been the No. 1 team in the nation in total yardage defense and in allowing the fewest points.

Even if Michigan had no offensive players, its defenders might just be able to keep most games close and maybe win a few. Last season the Wolverine defenders yielded a total of only nine points to Illinois, Duke, Wisconsin, Iowa, Purdue and Ohio State. Returning are Curtis Greer, Mike Trgovak and Dale Keitz, the down linemen in the Wolverines' 3-4. While Greer is known for his 425-pound bench presses, Keitz' fame comes from lighter lifts—Woody Hayes' trash cans during a summer-vacation stint as a garbage collector several years ago. Linebacker Ron Simpkins, Safety Mike Harden and Halfback Mike Jolly were selected to the All-Big Ten team last year. All Simpkins did last season to earn the honor was to make more unassisted tackles (118) than the entire starting line.

The offensive line, all but dismantled by graduation, has been further buffeted by injuries. Michigan had planned to start seniors John Powers, the only starting lineman back from last January's Rose Bowl, and John Arbezniak, a 1978

All-Big Ten guard despite a late-season ankle injury. Bubba Paris, a 6' 7", 275-pound sophomore, was to move in at strong tackle. But no. In spring practice, Powers, Arbezniak, Paris and a defensive back went down with knee injuries. All but Arbezniak had to undergo surgery, and it will be a "bonus" for the Wolverines if they play at all, according to Schembechler.

The backfield, even without injuries, is unusually thin. Lawrence Reid is the only experienced fullback, and Schembechler says he never has enough tailbacks. Still, Reid and Tailback Butch Woolfolk gained almost as many yards per carry last season—4.2 and 4.7, respectively—as the departed Huckleby and Davis.

The big problem is replacing Leach, a four-year starter at quarterback. B. J. Dickey gets first call, having completed eight of 19 passes for 115 yards and two touchdowns as Leach's backup. "I don't feel as desperate as I did four years ago when we only had Leach," says Schembechler. "Actually, I've got five candidates, and I'd feel comfortable with any of them." He will feel better than that if one of them can consistently get the ball to Ralph Clayton, the wingback who last season caught 25 passes for 546 yards and a Wolverine record-tying eight touchdowns.

Two of those promising quarterbacks are freshmen Rich Hewlett of Plymouth, Mich. and Steve O'Donnell of Madison, N.J. One thing's for sure: Bo didn't recruit them with the idea of converting them into defensive players.

12. N.C. State



Why are all these optimists at North Carolina State saying that this year's squad may end up better than last year's? Don't they know that Ted Brown, Mr. Whole Shebang—the Wolfpack's top rusher and pass receiver for three years straight—is now in a Minnesota Viking uni-

form? Maybe, but even Coach Bo Rein, who by now certainly has noticed Brown's absence from the backfield, recently said, "This year we have a great senior class. We have won nine games in a season, and we have a chance to do better than that!"

If, indeed, this Wolfpack ends up being better than last year's 9-3 team, it will unquestionably be because of matters that may not be fully appreciated outside of Raleigh—like a defense that contains, not consumes, and a marvelous offensive line. "There are a lot of people on this team who are taking a lot more pride in getting ready for the season than ever before since I've been here," says Center Jim Ritcher, speaking like the sociology major he is.

Rein is more direct. "We have the best offensive line you could want," he says. Indeed, no one can remember having seen a bigger line in the ACC. Tackles Todd Eckerson and Chris Koehne go 6' 4", 257 pounds and 6' 6", 256, respectively. Guards Chuck Stone and Chris Dieterich are

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THE TOP 20 continued

just as hefty. Ritcher is a comparative midget at 6' 3", 245, but he bench-presses 425 pounds and has been timed in 4.6 for the 40. "He's the best center ever to line up in college ball," gushes Pat Dye, the coach at East Carolina. One might suspect that Dye is merely campaigning, because he'd love nothing more than to have his school voted into the ACC, but Syracuse Coach Frank Maloney has nothing to gain when he says, "Ritcher is absolutely the best center I've ever seen."

So what difference does it really make if it's junior Dwight Sullivan or senior Rickey Adams or University Chancellor Jacob Thomas who succeeds Brown? Somebody in the Wolfpack backfield is going to gain a lot of yardage. Rein also plans to call more often upon Fullback Billy Ray Vickers, who gained 600 yards last year when he wasn't opening holes for Brown.

Quarterback Scott Smith has mastered the veer offense and throws accurately enough, completing 49% of 101 passes in 1978. Still, Smith did not get a single touchdown through the air. A greater threat to punt points on the board is Nathan Ritter, who split the uprights with 17 of his 19 field-goal attempts, making him the nation's most accurate placekicker.

Last September the Pack defense was viewed as a liability. Then Tackle Bubba Green, Linebacker Joe Hannah and Safety Mike Nall, all of whom had been injured, recovered and played better than ever. They blended beautifully with Tackle Simon Gupton and Safety Woodrow Wilson, who, you guessed it, is known by teammates as El Presidente. Meanwhile, two newcomers at cornerback, Donnie Le-Grande and Ronnie Lee, turned out to be very pleasant surprises for Rein, and—zingo!—the Wolfpack had an asset, not a liability. All of these players are still on hand, a year older and, presumably, wiser.

The Wolfpack schedule includes two tough non-conference opponents—Auburn and Penn State—which means that if Rein is serious about winning 10 games, he almost surely must go unbeaten in the ACC. Because the Wolfpack will play Maryland and North Carolina, its two most rugged challengers in the conference, in Raleigh, an unblemished ACC record is a possibility, especially for a team anxious to be known as something more than Ted Brown's supporting cast.

13. Missouri

As a rule, it's Missourians who insist on being shown, but in the case of Warren Powers, it was some folks from the Show-Me State who did some mean convincing. In December 1977 they persuaded Powers to abandon Washington State and

Powers to buy out the final year of his contract. Powers' investment paid off immediately as Washington State, which had gone 6-5 under him in '77, slumped to a 3-7-1 record, while Missouri had its best season (8-4) and got its first bowl bid (Liberty) in six years.

Powers is rightly anticipating another payoff this fall for two important reasons: the Tiger players are better, and their opponents are not. And with 17 underclassmen in the starting lineup, Powers should keep on getting big dividends through the 1980 season.

Junior Phil Bradley is the Big Eight's best quarterback. He led the conference in total offense last season, with 2,081 yards, and hit 60.2% of his passes, third-best in the nation. Junior James Wilder is the Big Eight's best fullback. Despite being a sub until Missouri's fifth game a year ago, he gained 873 yards and personally took Nebraska apart, rushing for 181 yards and four touchdowns.

Tackle to tackle the '78 line is back, except for Center Pete Allard. All-America Tight End Kellen Winslow now plays for the San Diego Chargers, but with a total of seven starters back from an offensive unit that was sixth in the nation in scoring (31.6 points a game) and 10th in total offense (414.3 yards a game), Missouri again figures to be putting points on the board from everywhere but the parking lot.

To shore up the defense Powers has shifted quick End Kurt Petersen and quicker Nose Guard Bennie Smith to tackle, where things were sluggish, and in spring drills Norman Goodman played so superbly at nose guard that Powers says, "He might be another Rich Glover," the All-America of several seasons back at hated Nebraska. Goodman, a Missouri-bred lad, seems to feel that comparing him to a mere mortal like Glover is something of a comedown. "I'm from Metropolis," he says. "The name is Goodman, like in Superman."

Last year Missouri opened with Notre Dame and Alabama, but this season the Tigers start against San Diego State and Illinois. And that's not the only good news on Mizou's schedule; the Tigers also face the other Big Eight heavyweights, Oklahoma and Nebraska, and their toughest non-conference opponent, Texas, at home.

A good team and a favorable schedule are all most schools need to assure themselves a good season, but at Missouri there's a tradition of upsets—of which the Tigers have been both perpetrators and victims—to be considered. For instance, last year Missouri shocked Notre Dame and Nebraska on the road, but in between, the Tigers lost games they were heavily favored to win against Oklahoma State and Colorado, the latter coming in front of 71,096 witnesses at home. To challenge Nebraska and Oklahoma, which have dominated the Big Eight for 17 seasons, Missouri must stop losing when it's supposed to win.

"We've got talent, and we're going to be reckoned with," Powers says. "Our chances for a Big Eight title are as good or better than anybody else's."

Which brings to mind the words of Missouri Congressman Willard D. Vandiver (1897-1905), who said, "I come from a state that raises corn and cotton and cockleburs and Democrats, and frothy eloquence neither convinces nor sat-

continued



come to Missouri as coach of the Tigers, even though it would cost him a bundle to make the switch. Fifty-five grand, to be exact. That was the amount Washington State charged

THE TOP 20 continued

isies me. I am from Missouri. You have got to show me." Now is the time you can do it, Warren.

14. Washington



Your typical Husky fan is blasé. Perhaps it's the view from the Washington campus—the green Cascades to the east and the towering Olympic Mountains to the west—that makes him that way. After all, compared to such majesty, the spectacle of college football is pretty uninspiring stuff. Husky fever normally consists of ignoring yell leaders and razzing a makeshift alumni band until it launches into *Tequila*, at which point everyone stands and bellows out the song's title.

At least that's what it used to be like. But then last November, when bowl bids came out and the 7-4 Huskies didn't get one, the tranquility was transformed into bedlam. Washington was America's No. 1 uninvited team. Pac 10 colleagues UCLA, Stanford, Arizona State and USC all got invites. But the Huskies, who lost by just a field goal to the Bruins, beat Stanford 34-31 and crushed Arizona State 41-7, were a furious willflower. "I hated sitting at home during the holidays watching all those other Pac 10 teams on TV," says Fullback Toussaint Tyler. "This year I'd like to go 11-0 and to the Rose Bowl." Because of the power of USC, Tyler might not get to go to the postseason game of his choice, but it's going to be hard for other bowls to overlook the Huskies this fall.

For one thing, though seven '78 seniors have departed, the entire offensive and defensive lines and the placekicker are back from a team that outscored opponents 270-155. And the schedule is easier. Washington should be 5-0 before facing Pittsburgh, UCLA, California, USC and Washington State, and though they are all tough, three of them will play the Huskies in Seattle, where Washington keeps its fans feeling mellow by seldom losing.

Once again the quarterbacking is in good hands, with Tom Porras, who rebounded from a jittery performance in the '78 opener against UCLA to finish with passing marks of 84 of 176 for 1,151 yards. Backup Tom Flick was 19 for 29 in relief. Both will still be able to throw to top Receiver Keith Richardson and hand off to Tyler and Joe Steele, who is fresh from gaining a Husky single-season record 1,111 yards. He needs only 103 more to eclipse Hugh McElhenry and become Washington's leading career rusher. Equally steely is Joe's substitute, Willis Ray Mackey, a freshman from Luling, Texas.

On defense, the Huskies figure to be a cut above last season, mainly because of more experience at linebacker and up front. The unit's most notable performer is Tackle Doug Martin, an NFL first-round prospect who led Washington in tackles for losses (16), batted down four passes and recovered a fumble. He will play alongside Antowaine Rich-

ardson. "Antowaine has the great RH factor," says Coach Don James. "He runs and he hits."

Add to all this Placekicker Mike Lansford, who has range (he has booted field goals from 49 yards out) and accuracy (33 of 33 PATs) and 27 1978 redshirts rejoining the team, and it is as clear as a high mountain morning that a lot of Husky fans will be abnormally unblase.

15. Florida State



The beat of an Indian war drum throbs portentously. Forty thousand Seminole fans are on their feet and screaming in Florida State's Campbell Stadium. The visiting team is manfully trying to complete its pre-game workout in the midst of all this cacophony. Suddenly

the drum grows even louder, the stadium lights go dim, and a blanketed horse appears under the Seminoles' goalpost. From out of the darkness beyond the end zone comes State's Seminole mascot, bounding toward the horse. He leaps atop the animal, which rears up, and thrusts a flaming spear triumphantly into the night sky. Then, with his mount at a gallop, he circles the visiting team's players, as the crowd roars. Finally, at midfield, he slams the spear deep into the turf and rides off to thunderous cheers. Welcome to Florida State.

After attending the Houston-FSU game in Tallahassee last fall, A. J. Yeoman, wife of Cougar Coach Bill Yeoman, complained that she feared for her safety. This year, five Seminole opponents must brave an evening in Tallahassee, and they should have concern for their well-being, too. Back from last year's 8-3 FSU team are 18 starters, including 10 from an offense that was among the national leaders in total yardage and passing. The drum beats on.

Once again the attack will be led by "Wally Jim Jordham," the two-headed quarterback who completed 206 passes for 2,749 yards and would have ranked third in the nation in yards gained through the air, except for one thing. Jordham is actually two marvelous passers, Jimmy Jordan and Wally Woodham, who, in the eyes of Coach Bobby Bowden, are perfectly interchangeable and are used that way. Jordan hit 54.3% of his attempts, gained 1,427 yards and passed for 14 TDs. He throws deep better than Woodham does, but not by much. Woodham, a 58% passer who threw for 1,322 yards and nine TDs, reads defenses better than Jordan does, but not by much. They and holdover receivers Jackie Flowers, Sam Platt and Kurt Unglaub and Fullback Mark Lyles were mainly responsible for Florida State's scoring 38 points on four different occasions last season. "Our athletes aren't physical enough not to throw," says Bowden with a wink.

The coach's main concern is the Seminole defense, which last year made a habit of yielding points freely in the first half (137) and then knuckling down, as evidenced by the

fact that FSU gave up zero points to seven opponents in the second half. One defender Bowden can count on for a full day's work is Nose Guard Ron Simmons, a weight-lifting junkie who has won the Defensive Player of the Game award all three times State has played on TV. The return of Ivory Joe Hunter, who started at cornerback until he was injured in the second game last year, also figures to help make the FSU defense stiffer than it was in '78.

On Sept. 15, Florida State meets Arizona State in Tampa, Fla. If the Seminoles can win that one and another game at LSU in October without benefit of their riled-up fans, they might win them all.

16. Houston



Maybe Houston should be nicknamed the Confounders instead of the Cougars. The only thing the team has done consistently—even before it joined the Southwest Conference—is fool everyone. Witness:

- In 1968 Houston put the kibosh on Tulsa 100-6

and then lost by 20 points the next week.

- The 1975 team was 2-8, so in 1976—after prognosticators gave the Cougars no chance—they went 9-2 and tied Texas Tech for the SWC title.

- Last year, coming off a dismal 6-5 season that no one had predicted, the Cougars kept everyone off balance by rolling to another SWC championship.

"There's nothing sinister about it," says Head Coach Bill Yeoman. "Sometimes a team rears back and attacks, and sometimes it doesn't."

Whether this season's Cougars rear back depends heavily on six new faces in the backfield. Gone are Quarterback Danny Davis and running backs Emmett King and Randy Love, who gave Houston the first pair in conference history to gain 1,000 yards apiece. Calling signals will be Delrick Brown, who is faster than Davis and has plenty of experience, having stepped in for Davis on the numerous occasions he was banged up. Terald Clark and John Newhouse, a cousin of Dallas Cowboy Robert Newhouse, are the best of the six running backs Yeoman expects to call on. Clark is stumpy (5' 9", 196 pounds) but fleet, which he proved last year by gaining 222 yards in only 44 carries. Newhouse did even better, picking up 289 yards in 34 tries. That averages out to 8.5 yards a crack. And at 6' 2", 220 pounds, reserve David Barrett is expected to be Houston's first bowl-em-over back since, well, Robert Newhouse starred for the Cougars in 1971.

So Yeoman is optimistic, and rightfully so, because he probably could gain 1,000 yards behind Houston's offensive line, which enabled the backs to gain 3,306 yards, score 47 touchdowns and average 30 points a game last season. At 6' 3", 268 pounds, Tackle Melvin Jones is testament to the line's bulk, and he best expresses its philosophy. "The

idea is to be real Cougars," he says, lifting up his hands and forming them into claws. "Walk softly and take big bites."

With eight starters and 21 of 28 regulars back from a defense that allowed just nine touchdowns rushing, the Cougars know where their weakness lies. Opposing passers stung Houston by completing 51% of their tries last season. Yeoman, however, liked the improvement he saw in spring drills. Besides, the gargantuan front line that includes Leonard Mitchell (6' 7", 270) and Hosea Taylor (6' 5", 270) is capable of making up for almost all the mistakes the secondary may make.

It is tempting to say that one can rely on Houston to be the best team in the conference—or the worst. One thing indicating that the latter won't be the case is that in both of Houston's conference championship years it rained the day of the Cougars' spring intersquad game. On April 21 of this year, the date of the Red-and-White game, it was pouring.

17. Stanford



The whole season depended on Darrin Nelson, right? Well, the Cardinals certainly would have ranked higher with Nelson, the sensational halfback who is the only player in NCAA history to catch 50 passes and run for 1,000 yards in a season, a feat he has pulled off twice.

Though Nelson has been redshirted as the result of a hamstring injury suffered while long-jumping in March, Stanford isn't out of the Pac 10 race by a long shot, because only six regulars are missing from the 1978 squad that went 8-4 despite a murderous schedule.

All that talent should make things easier for new Coach Rod Dowhower, who moved up to the head job in January when his former boss, Bill Walsh, left to take over the San Francisco 49ers. There is also good depth in the Cardinal ranks, a fact Dowhower exploited this spring when he had sophomore LaMott Atkins working in Nelson's running-back slot. If Atkins, who is studying to be a concert violinist, hits a clinker, Mike Dotterer or Vincent White, both freshmen, will step in. White, nicknamed VW, is a compact 5' 8" and 170 pounds, which just happens to be about the same height and weight as Nelson. Another thing for which Dowhower can be grateful is the early-season schedule that features four straight gimme games (Tulane, San Jose State, Army and Boston College) that will allow his backfield to gain seasoning before meeting a conference opponent. That includes Quarterback Turk Schonert, a shaggy-haired, mustachioed fifth-year senior who thus far has thrown only nine passes in college games. Schonert, a former redshirt, hopes to fill Steve Dils' shoes the way Dils, who also redshirted, filled Guy Benjamin's. All Dils did when he got his chance was become the nation's No. 1 passer. It should help Schonert that Ken Margerum, who was the leading Pac 10 receiver with 53 catches for 942 yards in 1978, is

continued

back. Under Walsh, Stanford teams were noted for their offensive ability, but Dowhower is counting on people like Tackle Chuck Evans (who had seven sacks last year) and Linebacker Milt McColl to earn the veteran defense a reputation as well.

To Stanford students, who are not widely known for docility, the biggest hero of 1979 might turn out to be new Athletic Director Andy Geiger, fresh from the Ivy League. Last fall fans were prohibited from bringing bottles and cans into Stanford Stadium. Geiger has rescinded the prohibition. His timing is perfect. There should be much to be toasted.

18. Ohio State



For the first time in 29 seasons, somebody other than Wayne Woodrow (Woody) Hayes is the Buckeye coach. In place of the man who generated equal measures of controversy and success is Earle Bruce, 48, a former Hayes assistant, who most recently spent six seasons as

the head man at Iowa State. There he turned a team that had had eight losing seasons in 10 years into a back-to-back-to-back eight-game winner. It was the first time since the mid-1920s that the Cyclones had three consecutive .500-plus seasons.

Clearly Bruce is a winner, but can he match the 238-72-10 pace set by Hayes? Judging by an exhilarating spring practice, and taking into account Ohio State's soft schedule, Bruce might win nine, maybe even 10 games, which would certainly be a step in the right direction. It won't hurt a bit that the quarterback he inherits, sophomore Art Schlichter, is already the Buckeye single-season total-offensive record holder. Or that Schlichter is thrilled that Bruce, unlike Woody, has a playbook that features page after page of pass plays.

After completing 16 passes for 194 yards and no interceptions in the spring game, Schlichter was beaming. "This is a new season, and it's going to be different," he said. "I want to win every game and overpower people, not just go out there with the goal of not losing."

Bruce inherits more than a few problems, too. Gone is Tom Cousineau—the linebacker who was the No. 1 pick in the NFL draft—and four other starters from a defense that was none too spectacular in the first place. Last season the Buckeyes gave up an un-Hayesian 313 yards and 18 points a game. Also among the missing are six-sevenths of the offensive line, Running Back Ron Springs and Split End Rod Gerald. Moreover, insiders say that Bruce has yet to cool off a smoldering clique of players who are still riled over Schlichter's ascension as a freshman to the No. 1 quarterback spot, a position Gerald had held for two years. The feeling is that Schlichter may still have to prove himself to his teammates, if not to Bruce and the NFL scouts.

"Backs are no problem," says Bruce, referring in part to recruits Kelvin Lindsey of Sandusky and Tim Spencer of St. Clairsville, either of whom might move right in at tailback. Two other candidates for the job, Calvin Murray and Ricky Johnson, combined for 731 yards last season. For sure, fullback is no problem, because last year's leading rusher, Paul Campbell (591 yards) is back. At flanker, Doug Donley has suddenly become a flashy receiver, hauling in 11 passes for 154 yards in the spring game. That's not bad, considering that in two seasons as just another dogface in Hayes' infantry he had caught only 26 passes. The weakest spots in the line are at tackle, where only Tim Brown, a 6' 6" brother of former Buckeye All-America Aaron, has been up to Bruce's standards.

The secondary has experience and speed, but the first of these qualities is missing elsewhere. However, the Buckeyes have 10 games in which to gain some of it. In Game 11 they meet Michigan. Before that traditional showdown, Ohio State faces six Big Ten opponents—Minnesota, Northwestern, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa—whom it has beaten in 53 of 54 games in the last decade and outscored by a 1,980-485 margin. The nonconference opponents, Syracuse, Washington State and UCLA, aren't tough, either.

"We don't have the talent I first thought we had when I got the job," Bruce says. "But it will come." Considering the schedule, it won't have to come too quickly for Bruce to make a Hayesian mark at Ohio State.

19. Arizona State



In his 22 years as Sun Devil coach, Frank Kush has won 173 of 226 games. That puts him second in wins among active coaches, to Bear Bryant. Kush has had only one losing season, and even though Arizona State is now a member of the cut-throat Pac 10, Kush's career record doesn't figure to suffer much this season.

Twelve starters return from last season's statistically awesome 9-3 team. The Sun Devils rang up 415.1 yards a game, and on third downs or non-kicking fourth downs, they got first downs 42.5% of the time. Their opponents succeeded on only 29.6% of such occasions. "We should be able to score," says Kush, who is a mean man with a metaphor, "because we have some home-run hitters."

One is Quarterback Mark Malone, a 4.6 sprinter in the 40, who has fullback bulk (220 pounds) and quarterback height (6' 4"). Last season Malone's runs and passes provided 44% of the Sun Devils' offense, which was ninth best in the country. His one weakness is that everything he throws—including 50-yard passes—is a bullet, which sometimes makes it tough for receivers to catch up to the ball. "Mark is just a colt," says Kush. "But he's going to be a thoroughbred." Among Kush's

continued



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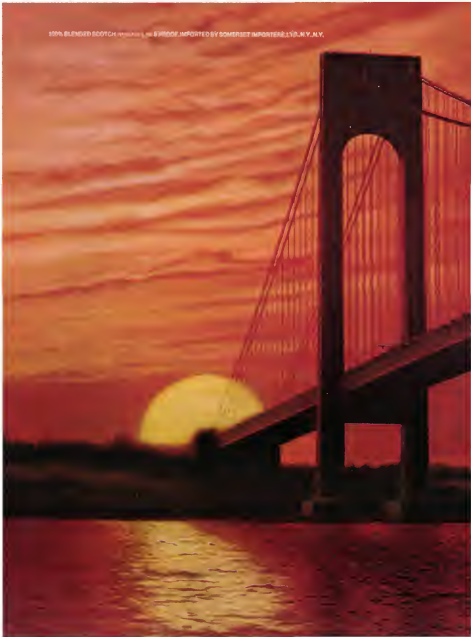
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Progress for People

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THE TOP 20 continued

other heavy-hitters/stallions are receivers Ron Washington and John Miskler.

The Sun Devils are also well stocked with speedy runners, among them old reliables Newton Williams, Gerald Riggs and Arthur (Turtle) Lane, and potential stars in freshman Willie Gittens and sophomores Robert Weathers and Alvin Moore. The problem is literally right in front of their backs' faces—the offensive line. Arizona State must start a new center, a new tight end and two new tackles. "I don't care how many thoroughbreds you have," Kush cautions while sticking to his equine motif. "You can't go without the horses up front."

Kush's defensive concerns are the opposite of those of offense. "We're strong in the line, but the strength tapers off as we progress back," he says. "We could get into some track meets in which we could score big and still lose." Last year both Washington and Washington State tore apart the Sun Devil secondary, the Huskies winning by 34 points and the Cougars by 25. The line is solid, even though All-America End Al Harris is gone. Either Joe Peters or Tom Allen will fill the gap, and the other end is filled by Bob Kohrs, who despite his unimpressive size (6' 3", 225 pounds) for his position, matched Harris in Kush's grading system last fall. Kohrs worked as a bouncer in local bars during the summer. One of the watering holes held boxing matches, and one night Kohrs' pals succeeded in pressuring him into taking on a 280-pound amateur who had been daring customers to step into the ring. Kohrs pulled off his shirt, climbed under the ropes and coldcocked the loudmouth. Time of K.O.: eight seconds of Round 1.

Another tough guy is Linebacker Ben Apuna. Following last year's 20-7 upset of USC, Trojan Running Back Charles White called the Sun Devil defenders "just a dirty bunch of guys. One guy [Apuna] never stopped talking and kept shouting things like 'We're going to kick your butts.'" Washington got the word, and two weeks later the Husky line-men buried Apuna. Whenever they blocked in his direction, they yelled, "Apuna! Apuna!" Later Apuna just smiled. "The only people I don't want yelling at me are Kush and Bob Owens [a defensive coach]," he said.

Much as Kush would like his thoroughbreds to outgallop the field in the race for the Pac 10 title, it seems there might be a track meet or two at which his horses will be over-matched and his home-run hitters will strike out.

20. Arkansas

Lou Holtz, who covers up the fact that he is a fine coach with a torrent of self-deprecating one-liners, surveyed the few survivors from his 11-1 and 9-2-1 teams of 1977 and '78 and launched into his act. "We ought to redshirt everybody," he said, "and give the coach a sabbatical. This year

will be like changing jobs without moving your family. I know we will sell a lot of programs, though, because we will be unknown soldiers. I don't mind starting a season with unknowns. I just don't like finishing a season with a bunch of them."

Indeed, the Arkansas defense will be as inexperienced as any the Razorbacks have fielded in years. And worse, the quarterback candidates—1978 reserve Kevin Scanlon, who broke Joe Namath's passing records at Beaver Falls, Pa., and sophomore Tom Jones, Bert's brother—are both more talented at passing than rushing, and in the SWC a running quarterback is considered essential. "We'll just throw more," says Holtz. "Depending on how well the defense comes along, we will throw more anyway."

But not all is bleak. The offensive line returns intact and has depth. Tackle Greg Kolenda is a good bet to earn All-America honors, and lining up beside him will be Guard George Stewart, who could do the same. Though the pros took three top running backs from Holtz' two previous seasons at Arkansas, waiting in the wings are Thomas Brown and Roland Sales. Somehow Holtz was able to spirit Brown out of Montgomery, Ala. (No doubt he kept Bear Bryant diverted with one of his rapid-fire routines.) Sales was the sub who rushed for an Orange Bowl record of 205 yards two seasons ago when two starting running backs were suspended. Theo last year Sales came off the bench to score Arkansas' only touchdown in the Fiesta Bowl. Mexican-born placekicker Janel Ordonez led the SWC in scoring last fall, finishing ahead of the more heralded Russell Erxleben of Texas and Tony Franklin of Texas A&M.

Creamcup openers—Colorado State, Oklahoma State and Tulsa—give Arkansas a 3-0 record before it opens its conference schedule. Then the Hogs get Texas, Houston, SMU and Baylor at home. The Longhorns will be coming to Little Rock for the first time since 1971, which also happens to be the last time the Razorbacks defeated Texas.

The most encouraging development during last spring's drills was the emergence of Quarterback Jones, who enrolled at Arkansas in August 1978 only after LSU, for one, declined to offer him a grant-in-aid because—at 6' 2", 162 pounds—he seemed too light for big-time football. As a freshman redshirt Jones served his time in the weight room and gained 24 pounds. It is said he has the best passing touch seen at Arkansas since Joe Ferguson left in 1972. By the midway point of spring practice, Holtz had become so enamored of Jones that he told his staff not to discuss the lad with anybody. Then Holtz took off to address a Razorback Club meeting and blew it all with one of his one-liners. "Right now," he told the boosters, "Tom Jones is Bert's brother. By next year, Bert may be Tom's brother."

At the close of spring drills, Holtz was thumbing through a team brochure from 1977, and he came across a page on the defense. "There's nothing in here that indicates that Don Hampton and Jimmy Walker would become All-Americans," he said. "Now, Danny Phillips is as quick as Walker, and Jim Elliott is as strong as Hampton. It's just that we're so young." Then Holtz served warning on the SWC by stealing a line from Darrell Royal: "Remember, if a dog's gonna bite, he'll do it as a pup."

CONTINUED



CONFERENCES

ACC

Besides North Carolina State, the ACC last season had three other bowl teams and the most noted face in college football, that of Clemson Middle Guard Charlie Bauman, the guy whom Woody punched. Clemson also had the nation's only undefeated coach, Danny Ford, who took over the Tigers just before their 17-15 Gator Bowl defeat of Ohio State. But he'll be hard pressed to duplicate 1978's 11-1-0 record and conference championship. Fifteen starters from that team, among them All-America Wide Receiver Jerry Butler, are missing. North Carolina Coach Dick Crum is praying for a "sound" football team. After last year's slew of injuries—eight key players were out for at least one game—who can blame him? The two men Crum most needs to have healthy are Quarterback Matt Kupec, who has completed 58.7% of his passes, and Running Back Amos (Famous) Lawrence, a junior who has already rushed for 2,254 yards. Maryland's two indispensable figures to be Charlie Wysocki, a sophomore tailback, and Mike Tice, who at 6' 7" may be America's most altitudinous quarterback. Tice hit on 20 of 37 passes for 227 yards as a sophomore and moves up to first team to replace the departed Tim O'Hare. Hoping to improve on the Blue Devils' 4-7-0 record, new Duke Coach Red Wilson has junked the power I in favor of the veer. Now he must settle on a quarterback to run it. Stanley Driskell and Craig Browning are both up for the job, but Browning could have the inside track because of the long-range picture—he is a sophomore; Driskell's a senior. Despite Wake Forest's 10-game losing streak, Coach John Mackovic is optimistic. In his view, all the Demon Deacons need is a hit of balance. Wake Forest led the ACC in passing last fall, but was last in rushing. Running backs Albert Kerby and Kenny Duckett have the speed to take the heat off Quarterback James Mc-

Dougal. Virginia managed a few "almost wins" late last year, but a porous defense left it 0-6-0 in the ACC. This year, a breakthrough into the win column is almost certain because 16 starters are back. Georgia Tech is in its first year in the ACC but isn't eligible for the title, which should make a lot of its rivals happy.

BIG EIGHT

"The play's the thing" might hold true onstage and in most conferences, but this year the drama in the Big Eight is provided by casting changes—specifically, the wholesale turnover of head coaches as the perennial also-rans try to break the death grip Oklahoma and Nebraska have held on the title. Between them the Sooners and Cornhuskers have won 33 of 34 possible titles since 1946. Colorado made the most publicized coaching change, hiring the New England Patriots' Chuck Fairbanks. Fairbanks, who as the result of switching jobs now has a stock portfolio as thick as his playbook, is not saying whether the Buffs "will be a wishbone team or a what." Even a "what"—which rivals suspect is a Patriots-style pro set, heavily laced with wishbone-type options—should provide some improvement on last season's 2-5 conference record. Fairbanks does have a real concern—aside from the sluggish market. Who will run the ball out of whatever offense he chooses? Oklahoma State begins its second year of NCAA probation (because of recruiting violations) with Jim Johnson taking over as coach for Jim Stanley. Johnson is a defensive specialist, which is fortunate; he must find some way of shoring up a unit that allowed 24.2 points and 339 yards per game. Johnson's task isn't hopeless, since John Coker, the Big Eight Defender of the Year, is still on hand at linebacker. Kansas State is an exception to the Big Eight new-coach syndrome—Jim Dickey survived his first year there with a 3-4 conference record—but it stays in

step by also being on probation. Besides the two-year no-bowls-or-television sentence imposed on the Wildcats for giving too many scholarships, the NCAA cut by 20 the number of grants-in-aid State may dish out over the next three years. Iowa State has only eight hold-over starters to greet Donnie Duncan, who replaces Earle Bruce as head coach. Kansas, which is used to following everyone else, also has a new coach. Well, not really new. Don Fambrough, who resigned four seasons ago, is back, and has brought former NFL and Kansas Quarterback John Hadl along as his offensive coordinator. The joy of homecoming for both was no doubt tempered a bit by the knowledge that the Jayhawks were 0-7 in the conference last season.

IVY

The real question around Dartmouth is whether or not Joe Yukica can repeat himself. In his first year Yukica steered the Big Green to a 6-1-0 Ivy season, up from 4-3-0 in 1977. Quarterback Buddy Tevens is gone, but whoever replaces him—either Jeff Kemp or punter Larry Margerum—will still have Dave Shula (who caught 49 passes) as a target. Now that its Mark Whipple-Mark Farnham battery is a thing of the past—Whipple graduated—Brown's major concern is finding a quarterback who can whip the ball to Farnham. The top applicants for the spot are lefthanded Larry Carbone, who has tossed exactly one pass in varsity competition, and Scott Dumont, who has tossed exactly one fewer. With only one starter returning on offense and three on defense, Yale is deep into reconstruction. Most likely to be tapped to play quarterback for the Elis is Montana State transfer Dennis Dunn. Although he is new on the Ivy scene, Yale has gone all out to make him feel at ease by scheduling its first four games at home.

Cornell comes off its first winning season (5-3-1) in six years. The 1978 Big

Red led the league in rushing, but Tailback Joe Holland, second nationally in per-game rushing with 155.1 yards, and his backups have graduated. Nonetheless there is a suspicion among the Ivies that Coach Bob Blackman, now in his third season at Cornell, is ready to unleash a powerhouse. Penn. virtually wiped out by graduation, plays its 1,000th intercollegiate game, against Columbia, next month. That will have to serve as the season's highlight. Harvard, too, lost most of its offense, but if senior Quarterback Burke St. John can absorb Coach Joe Restie's complicated offense fast enough, things may still come up roses for the Crimson. After a 2-5-2 year, Princeton has high hopes for 6-9-yard rusher Cris Crissy and no hopes of contending for the Ivy crown. Columbia climbed to a 3-5-1 record last year, but the Lions remain the premier reason why their rivals keep singing "I Love New York."

SWC

Mustang Mania: Year 2. Year 1 saw the average attendance for Southern Methodist's games at Texas Stadium soar to 51,960 from 26,635 in '77. It was the third-largest one-season increase in the annals of college football. Not bad for a team that lost five of its last six games. What, then, accounts for it?

Simple. Over the last four years Coach Ron Meyer has recruited some of the most exciting offensive players anywhere. For example, this season's additions include such highly sought running backs as Craig James and Eric Dickerson; Eric rushed for nearly 6,000 yards in his high school career in Sealy, Texas. They could take some of the pressure off junior Quarterback Mike Ford, who last season completed 224 of 389 passes for 3,007 yards and 17 touchdowns and led Division I schools in total offense. Ford's favorite target will continue to be Emanuel Telford, who in three years has caught 143 passes for 2,408 yards and 21 TDs.

Though the SWC is top-heavy with Top 20 teams, the conference's bottom half can't be written off too quickly. True, Texas Tech must open against USC, but last year the Red Raiders had a 7-4 record and still have sophomore Ron Reeves at quarterback. In '78 Reeves hit on 77 of 161 for 1,195 yards and nine TDs. An erstwhile tight end now playing fullback,

James Hadnot caught 20 of those completions, in addition to rambling for a conference-leading 1,369 yards rushing. While Hadnot will have some new backs lining up beside him, he'll have a sound veteran line working in front of him. Last year Baylor beat only three teams, one of which was Texas—a stunning 38-14 season-ending upset. The Bears figure that is a portent for this season. The main reason for the optimism in Waco is Running Back Walter Abercrombie. After becoming a starter midway through the '78 season, he rolled up 661 yards. While the Bears' schedule—Texas A&M, Houston, Alabama—is better suited to the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Longhorns are again the opponents in the finale, so if all goes awry, Baylor diehards can always hope for another upset. Rice was outgained and outscored nearly three to one last season, even though Quarterback Randy Hertel completed 156 of 279 for 1,677 yards and 12 TDs. Hertel is back, but he needs help in the form of a receiver or two and something that can be described as a defense.

Texas Christian didn't win a conference game in 1978 but had injuries, operations and excuses aplenty. The miracles of modern medicine and some feverish recruiting may have improved the Horned Frogs' lot a bit, but not enough to make a significant difference in the team's record.

PCAA

Utah State celebrated its inaugural season in the PCAA by sharing the '78 title with San Jose State, and both schools have the bulk of their squads back. San Jose's biggest concern is keeping Quarterback Ed Luther's interceptions (24) down. Still, his average of 17.17 completions per game was fourth best in the NCAA. Utah State counts on Tailback Rick Parros and Tackle Rulon Jones. Pacific hopes new Coach Bob Toledo can apply some of USC's winning ways. Toledo spent three years guiding the Trojan defensive backs and has never been involved with a team on any level that lost more than four games. He'll be hard pressed to continue his streak. Pacific dropped twice that many last season. Fullerton State rushers gained 5,053 yards in '78, but a leaky defense negated that accomplishment by giving up 5,226—

that works out to 475 yards per game. Maybe that's also why Safety Eric Bullock has become a quarterback this year. By his lonesome, the best that Quarterback Paul McGaffigan, the nation's ninth-ranked passer (170 completions and 2,164 yards), could do for Long Beach State last season was a 1-4 conference record. But he now has help in the form of Running Back Dan Duddridge, a junior-college All-America. Fresno State went 1-4, too, so Coach Bob Padilla has junked the Bulldogs' veer offense. Sadly, that won't prevent Fresno from finishing last.

BIG TEN

Joggers in East Lansing often come across a lone figure clad in a T shirt emblazoned: MICHIGAN STATE, ROSE BOWL, 1980. The wearer is Marshi Rogers, and her shirt tells the world that after three years the team her husband Darryl coaches is off NCAA probation and will once again join the lucrative world of TV and bowl appearances. But it may be a year early for the Spartans, who shared the 1978 Big Ten championship, to become TV regulars. The battery of Eddie Smith to Kirk Gibson is gone; sophomore Bert Vaughn will replace Smith at quarterback and senior Eugene Byrd will switch from split end to Gibson's flanker spot. At 6' 4", 215 pounds, Vaughn is big but inexperienced—he was supposed to be Smith's backup last season, but suffered a shoulder separation in the second game. Byrd, however, should adapt to his new position quickly, having made 43 receptions for 718 yards in '78. Elsewhere the Spartans look set with only five 1978 starters, aside from Smith and Gibson, among the missing. Michigan State's most serious concern is a block of crusher games in midseason. On consecutive Saturdays, the Spartans will face Notre Dame, Michigan, Wisconsin, Purdue and Ohio State.

It is an indication of the growing balance in the Big Ten that the Little Eight of two seasons ago has now shrunk to the Other Six. Minnesota might even cut that to five. Certainly new Coach Joe Slemmons knows it's like to win, having been a backup quarterback for the Gophers in the 1961 Rose Bowl. Slemm's first chore will be to choose either Mark Carlson or Wendell Avery as his No. 1

continued

signal-caller. Whomever he picks, the veteran offense will be strong, particularly at tailback, where Marion Barber gained a Gopher-record 1,210 yards. The defensive units at Indiana and Wisconsin were sorely depleted by graduation, but the Hoosiers could be a surprise—if Fullback Tony D'Orano and Tight End Dave Harangody recover from injuries the way Tailback Mike Harkrader did last season, when he rambled for 880 yards. Wisconsin was pleasantly surprised in 1978 by Ray Snyder, a 6' 8" basketball player who showed up to play tight end and had 27 receptions for 392 yards. Snyder is back. As Iowa seeks its first winning season since 1961, it would seem that Coach Hayden Fry could build around his offensive unit, which is back mostly intact. He can't, because the Hawkeyes' attack scored only 125 points last year. Illinois Coach Gary Moeller admits, "We must become more balanced offensively." He could stand a little more equilibrium on the defense, too, considering that the 1-8-2 Illini were outscored 317-103 in '78. At Northwestern, Coach Rick Venturi has been saying, "I won't sleep till we're a winner." Get out the NoDoz, Rick. Except for a Sept. 15 game against Wyoming, this season looks like it's going to be one big eye-opener.

SOUTHERN

After two years of sharing the conference title, the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga figures this is the season to go it alone. The key will be how often Quarterback Dennis Berkery can connect with Joe Burke, whose average gain of 28 yards a catch led the country in '78. Furman, the other defending co-champ, must undergo a drastic overhaul, its receivers corps, both lines and the secondary having been virtually swept clean of starters. Still, Quarterback David Henderson is back for the Paladins, and he was conference co-Player of the Year in 1978. East Tennessee State, which is eligible for the conference title for the first time, has a real crack at going right to the top with Mark Husell—eighteenth-ranked nationally in both passing (58.2% completions) and total offense in '78—taking the honors. The only way Appalachian State will better its 1978 record of 7-4 is if its defense can hold opponents to fewer than the 27 points a game

it allowed last year. VMI needs a steady quarterback and consistent defense to bring it up from the Southern's second echelon. Western Carolina has a solid one-two punch in Quarterback Mike Pusy (14 TDs, 2,045 yards in '78) and Gerald Harp, the nation's No. 2 receiver (1,145 yards, 11 TDs), to go with an experienced defense. Sonny Randle, Marshall's new coach, says he loves a challenge, which is exactly what the Thundering Herd, 0-5 in league play a year ago, presents. The Citadel lacks aggressiveness on defense, having allowed an average of 28 points a game to conference opponents. However, the Bulldogs' strong rushing, featuring Tailback Stump Mitchell, could keep them in conference contention.

SEC

Besides having to face front-runners Alabama and Georgia, Auburn's woes have been compounded by an NCAA probation for recruiting infractions. Yet the Tigers are looking forward to the season, largely because Joe Cribbs is hale. Cribbs rushed for 1,205 yards in '78 despite having been injured early in the season and having started only seven games. Why then is Coach Doug Barfield contemplating a switch from the I to a split backfield? In order to get the ball more often to James Brooks, Cribbs' replacement, who was averaging 134 yards a game before breaking his right foot. LSU lost the Liberty Bowl to Missouri, Charles Alexander and his 4,035 yards rushing to the Cincinnati Bengals and the interior offensive line to graduation. And to virtually ensure that retiring Coach Charlie McClendon's farewell year will be a tearful one, the Fighting Tigers must also meet both Alabama and USC, a dolorous prospect no other SEC school must face. At Mississippi State, Coach Emory Bellard, late of Texas A&M, is introducing the wishbone, but this clearly isn't change for change's sake. Bellard invented the run-oriented offense in 1968, and he probably had someone very much like James Jones, who averaged 5.3 yards per carry in 1978, in mind. One Bulldog player who might not be happy with the switch is Mardye McDole, who led the SEC with 48 receptions for 1,035 yards. Kentucky's Fran Curci has headaches on and off the field. In addition to suspend-

ing eight players after they were charged with rape and sodomy, he must replace more than 30 others with an assortment of redshirts and freshmen. In contrast, at Florida, an experienced squad—18 starters are back—is breaking in a new coach. Charley Pell has been impressed with what he has seen so far, particularly Linebacker Scot Brantley, who is almost sure to be an All-America. Ole Miss, 5-6 a year ago, dropped to eighth in the SEC. In his second season at Mississippi, Coach Steve Sloan, who turned around the football programs at Texas Tech and Vanderbilt, will be hard pressed to effect a similar transformation. A porous defense is the trouble spot for the Rebels. Another coach who may start to feel a bit of pressure is Tennessee's Johnny Majors. In the two years since he guided Pitt to the national championship and left there for his alma mater, his Vol teams have gone 4-7 and 5-5-1. This season, behind outstanding Quarterback Jimmy Streater, Tennessee should have a .500-plus record. Which is a lot more than can be said for the state's other SEC team, Vanderbilt. The Commodores appear to be headed for a fourth consecutive 2-9 season.

PAC 10

USC's lone defeat in 1978 came at Arizona State, then just a new kid on the Pac 10 block trying to earn a little respect. The victory over the Trojans got it for the Sun Devils. But the league's other newcomer, Arizona, didn't fare so well. The Wildcats went 3-4 in conference play and now must look to Nov. 3, the date of their first conference outing against USC, to make a name for themselves. They might do just that if Quarterback Jim Krohn remains healthy. Until he suffered bruised ribs midway through the '78 season, he was leading the Pac 10 in passing. The Wildcat defense features Tackle Cleveland Crosby, an All-America candidate who transferred from Purdue.

After losing 23 seniors from the squad that tied Arkansas 10-10 in the Fiesta Bowl, UCLA will have the conference's youngest team. No wonder Coach Terry Donahue says he's rebuilding "from the foundation on up." The keystone could be junior Running Back Freeman McNeil, who gained five yards per carry

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while performing spot duty last season. California enjoys the dubious distinction of becoming the first Pac 10 school to play all nine of its conference rivals in one season, and Michigan is one of the Golden Bears' non-league opponents. Trying to navigate that minefield will be junior Quarterback Rich Campbell, who was 164 for 293 for 2,287 yards as he made Cal the NCAA's No. 4 passing team. Although he may sound like a character from *Saturday Night Live*, Washington State Quarterback Samoa Samoa is in reality a junior hoping to fill the slot vacated by Jack (the Throwin' Samoa) Thompson. Samoa—who is Samoa—has a long way to go: Thompson's career total of 7,818 yards passing is the highest in Division I history. Also operating in the Cougar backfield will be Samoa's countryman Tali Ena, who rushed for 728 yards last season. No, Dorothy Lamour is not the head cheerleader. Oregon finished 2-9 last year but was impressive for its fine runners—led by Vince Williams—and its storming defense. For example, the Ducks sacked Thompson six times. Those assets are still in evidence, but any progress this young Oregon team makes probably won't be reflected in its record, because the Ducks face Colorado and Michigan State before opening conference play. Oregon State has experience and an easier schedule than Oregon, but its prospects of climbing from the depths of the Pac 10 standings aren't much better.

SOUTHLAND

Arkansas State and Louisiana Tech, which shared the Southland championship a year ago, figure to battle it out again. The edge goes to Tech because of its quarterback, Eric Bartley, who is an excellent runner. Former Oklahoma defensive coordinator Larry Lacewell, who is now the head man at Arkansas State, inherits the best defense in the conference, but the Indians may be undone by the inexperience of Quarterback Gene Bradley. In contrast, Southwestern Louisiana needs defensive strength to complement the deft work of signal-caller Hal King. Texas-Arlington's notable asset is its running attack, and it has no liabilities of consequence. The bottom line: an outside shot at the conference title. In '78 McNeese State had an off year

(7-4) by its lofty standards. Still, the Cowboys had their moments, as when Coach Jack Dolan was named president of the school. If his successor, Ernie Duplechin, can tighten up the defense, McNeese could challenge for the title again. Lamar has won only one conference game in the past four years. New Coach Larry Kennan and Quarterback Larry Haynes, the league's passing leader, figure to at least double that total this year.

MISSOURI VALLEY

In '78 New Mexico State had its first winning season in 11 years and, with a 5-1 conference record, earned its first championship. No wonder rookie Coach Gil Krueger was named Missouri Valley coach of the year. To get those honors again, the Aggies will rely heavily on the running of Fullback Ray Locklin, who gained 863 yards on 179 carries, and the throwing of transfer Butch Kelly, who passed for 2,100 yards and 22 TDs at Garden City (Kans.) Community College last season. If this duo falters, the Aggies will be in big trouble, because the defense yielded an average of 26 points a game. Tulsa has taken a "leave of absence" from the Valley and has no conference games on its schedule. In addition to being temporarily out of the MVC, the Hurricanes seem to be out of their heads, having lined up games against the likes of Arkansas and Oklahoma. Southern Illinois was conference rushing leader Burnell Quinn (939 yards), who should soon break the Salukis' career rushing record this season. The mainstay of Drake's offense is Running Back Dwaine Ball, the team leader in rushing and receiving, but the lack of similarly talented performers on defense should make it impossible for the Bulldogs to improve on their .500 conference record of '78. Things just kept getting worse for West Texas State, which went 3-8 last season and then had its athletic budget reduced and the number of its scholarships cut in half. Indiana State finished last in the Valley, but at least its wealth of frosh starters survived the experience and now look ready to exact a small measure of revenge. At Wichita State rookie Coach Jeff Jeffries inherits a program that has produced only one winning season in 14 and a schedule that includes outside games with Alabama and Southern Methodist.

WAC

Making a debut in a league can be rough, as San Diego State, a perennial winner in seasons past, found out while going 4-7 as a new member of the WAC last year. The Aztecs should be more successful the second time around, with such holdovers as Quarterback Mark Halka, the nation's third-leading passer, and All-America Guard Pete Inge on hand. Steve Stapler, who had 35 receptions, is also back and is joined by outstanding junior-college transfer Bobby Taylor, who led the nation's JCs in receiving yardage. Brigham Young has the pair of quarterbacks who took the Cougars to the 1978 conference title as well as eighth place on the national passing-offense list. Marc Wilson was 121 for 233 for 1,499 yards and threw for eight TDs while Jim McMahon hit on 87 of 176 for 1,307 yards and six TDs. But the Cougars have only four returning starters on defense, and that could keep them from winning another championship. Utah led the WAC in total defense, thanks in large part to Cornerback Jeff Griffin, who returned three interceptions for TDs, tying an NCAA record. He's back, but many of his teammates aren't. New Mexico's offense features 9.4 sprinter Mike Carter at tailback and Quarterback Brad Wright, whose 1,925 yards passing and 478 rushing made him fifth in the country in total offense. The Lobos don't have much of an offensive line, however. Colorado State has depth at quarterback with Keith Lee and Steve Fairchild—together they accounted for 13 TDs and 1,608 yards—and the Rams will need both of them and more because of a brutal schedule that opens with Arizona and then pits State against Arkansas. At Texas-El Paso, Coach Bill Michael is succinct: "We need a quarterback, an offensive line and some defensive ends." The stats prove he's right—UTEP, 1-11 a year ago, gave up 424 points and scored only 151. Wyoming, which finished second in '78, may be merely second-rate in '79, because it must replace its entire offensive backfield. Conference newcomer Nevada-Las Vegas, which will play a full league schedule but is ineligible for the title until next season, welcomes back a whopping 46 lettermen and a wave of transfers. Another new entry, Hawaii, will stretch the WAC's previously wide-ranging territory

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FOOTBALL *continued*

even farther. The Rainbow Warriors will travel 3,000 miles for their road game at UTEP, but they won't go far in the conference standings.

MAC

Having won two of the last three MAC titles, Ball State will again be in the thick of the battle. And again the toughest challenger figures to be Miami. Last year the Cardinals-Redskins game decided the conference winner, with Ball State rolling to a 38-14 victory. Cardinal Quarterback Dave Wilson, who has passed for 27 TDs and 2,667 yards in his three seasons, is back, but gone is most of a defensive unit that gave up only 7.5 points a game and led Ball State to an 8-0 league record. In trying to fill the quarterback void left by Larry Fortner's departure, Miami got a bad break when leading candidate Chuck Hauck fractured his thumb in spring practice. That slowed Hauck's progress, but he's in top shape now. So is Halfback Mark Hunter, who rushed for 1,046 yards last season. Two-time runner-up Central Michigan could go all the way this season. Last year, Coach Herb Deroemeli's Chippewas were 9-2-0 and allowed only 139.4 yards rushing and 101 passing per game. All-Conference Safety Robert Jackson is back, as is Tackle Bill White. But Central's schedule starts with nine straight conference games, and that might prove to be too many too soon. Western Michigan lost Tailback Jerome Persell—4,190 yards rushing in three seasons—but eight starters from a defense that ranked 14th in the nation are on hand. So is Quarterback Albert Little, who passed for 828 yards and rushed for 358. At Bowling Green the situation is status quo: Quarterback Mike Wright will again lead an offense that last year topped the MAC in yards gained (394.8), but the defense will still be something less than stalwart. Tailback Allen Ross is shooting for his third straight 1,000-yard year at Northern Illinois. At Ohio the Bobcats are rebuilding around Fullback Kevin Babcock, who rushed for 861 yards a year ago. Kent State is also embarking on a reconstruction program; Quarterback Jeff Morrow and Split End Bob White, two junior-college transfers, should provide a good foundation. Toledo and Eastern Michigan meet on Sept. 29 to decide which will end up in the MAC cellar.

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INDEPENDENTS

This is Jackie Sherrill's third year as the head man at Pittsburgh, and he's still tinkering. For instance, the Panthers spent most of spring practice trying to master the complexities of a Dallas Cowboy-style, multiple-set offense and a "rushing" (rather than "reading") defense. Rick Trocano, who quarterbacked Pitt to an 8-4 record in '78, again will direct the offense, but pushing him for the job is freshman Dan Marino, who is a better passer. The running backs are hold-over Fred Jacobs and newcomer Randy McMillan, who led all junior college rushers last year by gaining 1,589 yards for Harford (Md.) J.C.

The Panther defense is anchored by two-time All-America End Hugh Green. After Green was timed in 4.5 for the 40-yard dash, Sherrill thought briefly of moving him to linebacker, but for this season at least Green remains at end, where he could become the first Panther to win the Outland Award.

All hopes Syracuse (3-8) might have had of challenging Penn State and Pitt for the Lambert Trophy last year were dashed on the seventh play of the season when Quarterback Bill Hurley cracked his ribs. But because of that injury, Hurley has been granted an extra year of eligibility, and Orange hopes are even higher for '79. In addition to Hurley's unexpected presence, Syracuse has running backs Art Monk, an All-East pick, and Joe Morris in the backfield, which should be one of the most explosive in the nation. Morris, a sophomore, is the third rusher in Syracuse history—All-Pros Floyd Little and Larry Conka were the others—so gain 1,000 yards for the Orangemen in his first season. So much for the good news. Morris and his teammates will see precious little of Syracuse in 1979. While work progresses on a new domed stadium, they will play their "home" games at The Meadowlands (220 miles away), at Rich Stadium in Buf-

falo (120 miles distant) and at Cornell (60 miles off).

A mere 40 miles from Syracuse is Colgate, but the 1979 Red Raiders are going to be a long way from their 10-1 predecessors of 1977, even if they did upset Rutgers in the final game of 1978. Despite the loss, Rutgers went to the Garden State Bowl, the first postseason game in its 109-year football history, on the basis of a 9-2 record. However, this year the Scarlet Knights face a tougher slate of opponents and must replace Glen Kehlar, their leading rusher in '78.

The mainstay of East Carolina's 9-3 Independence Bowl-winning team was the defense. It ranked No. 2 in the nation and came to be nicknamed the Swarm. The Swarm is shy several very busy bees from 1978, but opponents will still feel the sting of Linebacker Mike Brewington, whom Coach Pat Dye rates as one of the best anywhere. The Pirates' offense is almost unchanged, with Quarterback Leander Green running a wishbone that features Halfback Anthony Collins and Theodore Sutton at fullback. East Carolina wants to prove it's ready for the big time, and this is the year to do it—the Pirate schedule includes six of North Carolina's Division I-A teams.

Jerry Moore, for six years the receiver coach at Nebraska, has inherited the flourishing program that Hayden Fry built at North Texas State. Last year's 9-2 squad returns virtually intact, but will have a new look. Moore has installed an I offense built around senior Quarterback Jordan Case, who was 12th in the nation in '78 with a 58.7 completion percentage, and Running Back Bernard Jackson, whose total of 1,453 yards rushing was surpassed only by Billy Sims and Charles White among current collegians. Although the Mean Green has won three-quarters of its games the past four years, it can't help but feel like the odd men out in SWC

countryside. North Texas has not been invited to a bowl game since 1959.

At Miami (6-5), Howard Schnellenberger, the former offensive coordinator of the Miami Dolphins and coach of the Baltimore Colts, has taken over from Lou Saban, becoming the seventh Hurricane coach in a decade. No. 7 could turn out to be lucky for Miami because Schnellenberger has 33 lettermen to work with, plus nine sophomores whom Saban had kept hidden under redshirts. Sophomore Quarterback Mike Rodrigue, coached by ex-Dolphin Earl Morrall, will lead the offense, while his receivers, Pat Walker and Jim Joiner, get to study under ex-Dolphin punter and receiver Larry Seiple. Still, the Hurricanes could get blown apart by a schedule that includes Penn State, Alabama and Notre Dame. Their best chance for an upset will be against Florida State on Sept. 22.

Saban has taken on another rebuilding job at Army (4-6-1), where only eight starters are back. The Cadet offense can rely on the strong arm of Quarterback Earle Mulrane and a strong corps of running backs but must build a line for them to work behind. At Air Force (3-8), Ken Hatfield moves up from offensive coordinator to head coach just in time to encounter the Falcons' toughest schedule ever. Even tougher to face is the fact that only 13 starters are around from last season. Hatfield is counting on senior Quarterback Dave Zeibart to stave off disaster. Perhaps next year when the Falcons join the Western Athletic Conference, life will be easier.

Despite a larger-than-life reputation to live up to, thanks to last season's 9-3 record, Navy could in fact surprise again. Bob Powers will step in for Quarterback Bob Leszczynski, and he will be protected by the biggest line in Middle history. It averages 6'4" and 245 pounds. Seven defensive starters, including End Charlie (Thunder) Thornton, are on hand.

continued

Louisville faces a stiffer lineup of opponents but with a team that is improved enough to at least match last year's 7-4 performance. Seventeen starters—All-America Linebacker Otis Wilson most notable among them—who helped to achieve that record will be augmented by 24 sophomores who were redshirted, plus Fullback Mike Sims, a transfer from Florida State. Stu Stram, Hank's kid, will be in his fourth year as quarterback.

South Carolina (5-5-1) has had two years of hard luck. In '77 the Fighting Gamecocks outtrashed, outpassed and outscored their opponents while losing seven games; in '78 they suffered four losses by a total of 13 points. Eighteen starters, including the entire backfield, are back from that team. Coach Jim Carlen has every right to expect his luck to change.

Another snakebitten team was Tulane, which went 4-7 last season, with five of the losses coming at the hands of bowl-bound teams. Among the 17 starters returning from '78 are Quarterback Roch Hontas, who has completed 58.5% of his passes over the last three years. Tennessee State (8-3) is counting on Joe (747) Adams to keep winging the ball. Last season the Tigers had the 10th most productive passing attack in the country. Still on hand is Adams' favorite target, Tight End McDonald Oden, who had 40 catches for 664 yards.

Holy Cross won seven games for the first time in 17 years, and the trio of rushers most responsible for that success, Crocky Nangle, Larry Ewald and Brian Doherty, are in uniform. So are 10 starters from the Crusader defense that had two shutouts in 1978. Temple has a tougher schedule than last year's, but Coach Wayne Hardin may not give a hoot, because his Owl defense is probably good enough to improve on the 1978 record of 7-3-1.

Cincinnati is counting on sophomore Allen Harvin, who ran for 1,283 yards as a freshman, to help the Bearcats achieve a winning season. Memphis State and Villanova are depending on experienced defenses to bring about the same result. Now in his second year as Boston College coach, Ed Chlebeck is still looking for his first win. He may still be searching come December.

SMALL COLLEGES

The smaller fry of college football may not get the headlines, but with post-season playoffs in the NCAA's divisions I-AA, II and III, at least there's never an argument over who's No. 1.

Division I-AA, now in its second year as a sort of limbo for teams that are neither "major" nor "minor," has four playoff spots for its 38 member schools. Florida A&M won the I-AA title in 1978, beating Massachusetts 35-28 in the Pioneer Bowl in Wichita Falls, Texas. Coach Rudy Hubbard is in his sixth season at A&M, where he has achieved a 44-11-2 record, including victories in 24 of the Rattlers' last 25 games. He will be hard pressed to keep up that pace in 1979. A&M has lost 12 starters, including Quarterback Albert Chester and Tailback Ike Williams, and must take on a schedule that includes Rhode Island and Division I-A Miami.

Massachusetts, which is missing 15 starters from '78, will also fall off the 8-3, 9-4 pace it has set in the past two seasons. Still, Quarterback Mike McEvilly, a lefty who is also an All-New England outfielder, is back and could keep the Minutemen in contention for the Yankee Conference championship.

While both of the 1978 Division I-AA finalists are having off years, Nevada-Reno, which lost to Massachusetts in the semifinal round, should go all the way, bringing the I-AA title to the Big Sky in its first season as a member of that conference. Coach of the Year Chris Ault has nine holdover starters on offense, including All-America Fullback Frank Hawkins, who led the I-AA in rushing (1,445 yards), scoring (102 points) and all-purpose running (1,656 yards); Quarterback Larry Worman, who completed 122 of 213 passes for 1,702 yards; and All-America Receiver Jeff Wright. The Wolf Pack offense will also get a kick out of the return of Fernando Serrano, who booted 13 field goals to lead the division. How-

ever, Nevada-Reno will have to regroup on defense, where it lost seven starters, and come up with a punter to replace Nick Pavich, who led all I-AA teams last season with a 41.3-yard average. Pavich left school to go into real estate.

Coming off probation after a 9-1-1 year, Grambling will also be a playoff contender. Linebackers Aldrich Allen and Guy Prather anchor a defense that gave up an average of only 10.9 points in 1978. The mainstay of the offense, which scored 22.4 points a game, is junior Running Back Robert Parham.

Fourteen starters are on hand at South Carolina State to welcome new Coach Bill Davis. Last year the Bulldogs were 8-2-1 and won the Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference for the fifth straight year. State's offense is keyed to senior Quarterback Nate Rivers, who ran and passed for a total of 1,084 yards and scored 14 touchdowns.

Western Kentucky, the reigning Ohio Valley Conference champ, is another strong playoff contender. The Hilltoppers are coming off an 8-2 season in fine shape; eight defensive starters, including Cornerback Carl Brazley, have returned, as well as one offensive stalwart, among them Quarterback John Hall and Split End Eddie Preston.

Having lost Tackle Robert Hardy and Running Back Jeffrey Moore to the Seattle Seahawks, Jackson State will be down. But not out—at least as long as hometown led Perry Harrington stays fit. A running back, Harrington scored 10 of his 14 touchdowns last year from outside the 20-yard line. Pro scouts have clocked Harrington in 4.4 for the 40-yard dash.

For offensive fireworks, look to Portland State, whose quarterback, Neil Lomax, squeezes the trigger in a "Roo and Shoot" offense that averaged 477.4 yards. While the Vikings were winning only five of 11 games in '78, Lomax set NCAA records in passing (241 comple-

tions in 436 attempts for 3,506 yards) and total offense (3,524 yards). Just to make things clear, those are single-season marks; Lomax' career total is 5,176 yards gained. He is only a junior, but at the rate he's going Lomax could break the career record of 8,521 yards held by Jim Lindsey of Athlete Christian. Just how wild is this offense? Well, Joe Sipel is the Vikings'—and Division I-AA's—top returning receiver, and he is Portland State's fullback.

Eight teams qualify for the Division II playoffs, with each of the four NCAA regions having at least one representative. Two years ago Eastern Illinois was 1-10. Last season, Coach Darrell Mudra's first, the Panthers went 9-2 in the regular season and beat UC-Davis, Youngstown State and Delaware in the playoffs to win the division title. With all but four starters back, Eastern Illinois is a heavy favorite to repeat. Among the returnees is Steve Turk, who led the division in passing by completing 160 of 294 for 2,423 yards; Chris (Poke) Cobb, who is the division's fourth-ranked returning rusher with 1,330 yards; and James Warring, who is the second-ranked holdover receiver. He had 59 catches for 980 yards and 14 TDs.

Runner-up Delaware—the winningest Division II team over the last 10 years—has lost 13 starters, most notably All-America Quarterback Jeff Komro and Receiver Pete Ravettine. However, Running Back Lou Mariani is back, and he has All-America Tackle Herb Beck to clear the way for him. The Blue Hens led Division II in only one statistical category, but it is enough to ensure the continued health of the program: Delaware was tops in average home attendance, with 19,009 fans a game.

Winston-Salem, which lost to Delaware 41-0 in the semifinals, will rely again on Running Back Timmy Newsome. A straight-up rusher with long, fluid strides, Newsome gained 1,377 yards on 183 carries and scored 14 TDs in 1978. Youngstown State still has a potent combination from its semifinalist team in Quarterback Keith Snoddy and All-America Receiver Jim Ferranti.

UC-Davis has won eight straight Far Western Conference titles and has not lost a league game in 28 outings. The Cal Aggies will have to make up for the

loss of Quarterback Mike Moroski and Defensive End Casey Merrill to the pros, but they are expected to win another playoff berth. So is Cal Poly at San Luis Obispo, which has Louis Jackson, the division's third-best returning rusher, with 1,131 yards in 78.

East Stroudsburg State, usually a small-college power, faces a rebuilding year, though Barry Kennedy returns to the Warrior backfield. Kennedy passed for four touchdowns in Stroudsburg's 49-4 win over Clarion State in the Pennsylvania Conference championship game. Clarion has the division's longest streak of winning seasons, 15, all of them coming under Coach Al Jacks. The Golden Eagles again will be strong contenders for the playoffs, along with Bethune-Cookman and Jacksonville (Ala.) State. Nebraska-Omaha, which is coming off an 8-3 season that earned the Mavericks their first postseason berth, is likely to win the North Central Conference and another playoff spot.

In his 22nd season as head coach at Baldwin-Wallace, Lee Tressel faces a manpower shortage. Last season his Yellow Jackets beat Ohio Athletic Conference rival Wittenberg 24-10 in the Amos Alonzo Stagg Bowl to win the Division III championship, but 10 all-conference players, including All-America Tackle Paul Perrella, have departed. Wittenberg has 34 lettermen back but will feel the loss of All-America Tailback Dave Merritt and Fullback Steve Fuller.

Ithaca (N.Y.) College, which lost a semifinal Division III game to Wittenberg, 6-3, has the championship in its sights this season. With 17 of last year's starters still around, the Bombers also will be taking dead aim on an unprecedented third Lambert Bowl in six years. Ithaca should get a good idea of whether it will achieve either of these lofty goals on Sept. 15 when it plays St. Lawrence, a team that was in the playoffs last season.

Scouting reports on the Top 20 teams were written by Mike DelNagro, the roundups of the conferences were all done by Kathy Blumenstock, and Brooks Clark wrote the reports on the independents and small colleges.

The 100th birthday of Widener College football should be a happy one, with a third straight Southern Division championship in the Middle Atlantic Conference providing the icing on the cake. Franklin and Marshall—7-2 in '78—should also continue its winning ways, while Carnegie-Mellon is likely to repeat as the Presidents' Conference champion.

In 1978, for the ninth time in 10 years, the champion of the Lone Star Conference went on to win the NAIA Division I championship. This time it was Angelo (Texas) State that turned the trick, beating Elon (N.C.) College 34-14 in the Palm Bowl. Because many of the starters that helped Angelo win a collegiate-record 14 games in one season are gone, this season's Lone Star co-favorites are Texas A&I and Athlete Christian. After slumping to 6-5 a year ago, A&I is solid once more, especially at running back, where Rocky Smith and Robert Poole star. Athlete Christian's strength is John Mayes, the NAIA's top passer in 1978, who completed 164 of 317 for 2,535 yards and 14 TDs.

Elon's entire starting backfield—including NAIA All-America Tailback Bohdy Hedrick—is back, as is the defensive secondary, led by Free Safety Bryan Burney, who had—and this ain't no typo, folks—12 interceptions a year ago. The Fighting Christians figure to repeat as South Atlantic Conference champs and return to the Palm Bowl on Dec. 15 in McAllen, Texas.

Colorado's Western State, which lost to Angelo State in the semifinals, is gunning for its seventh straight Rocky Mountain Conference title. Quarterback Charlie Thompson is such a talented scrambler that he could get Western back into the playoffs as well.

Grand Valley State of Michigan lost to Elon, 13-7, in a muddy semifinal game, but the Lakers should get another crack at the Fighting Christians this year—perhaps in the finals. Grand Valley has 16 starters and 41 lettermen back from its 9-3 team, including standout offensive Tackle Ron Essink and defensive tackles Hubert Massey and Mark Saczytko.

Oklahoma's Central State is a dark horse that could gallop into the Palm Bowl thanks to Steve Tate and Clifford Chatman, a pair of outstanding backs.

276 PLACES AN AM ROTC

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ARMY ROTC. LEARN WHAT IT TAKES TO LEAD.

John Kinsella, the 27-year-old former Sullivan Award winner who was a medalist in both the 1968 and 1972 Olympics, is the world's best long-distance swimmer, but until last week he had never swum the English Channel. He'd never tried to.

"Wherever I went, I was always asked, 'What about the Channel?'" Kinsella said. "As a professional, it didn't make economic sense to make the swim. To me the Channel has always been a swim for amateurs and publicity nuts." But the thing was getting to him.

In the end, it was Kinsella's pride that got to him. Under Coach Don Watson, he had not been beaten since turning pro in 1974, and has earned an average of \$35,000 a year in prize money. He had won the 32-mile Lake Ontario swim, the Chicago 10-mile race, the 21-mile Lake St. John (six years in a row), the 21-mile Capri-Naples and many more. Then Watson retired as his coach, and Kinsella felt he had lost some of his form and motivation. This year he was even beaten in the Capri-Naples by Claudio Pitt, a 24-year-old Argentinian. So when an invitation came to take part in an international Channel race against 15 other competitors, including Pitt, Kinsella accepted, eyeing not the \$2,000 first prize ("peanuts," he snorted) but the chance to get right with himself, with his critics, with Pitt—and with the Channel itself.

At 3 a.m. last Tuesday Kinsella and the others were limbering up on floodlit Shakespeare Beach at Dover, facing

Channeling his energy

Until last week, John Kinsella thought the English Channel was for amateurs

conditions everyone knew were far from ideal for setting a record. The tides were wrong, there was a considerable swell and the sea would become choppy later. But they had been waiting for more than a week, and the organizers felt the time was now or never.

The first two hours of the swim went just as Jack and Ruth Kinsella, John's parents, who were acting as his trainers, had planned it. After 300 yards, John was in the lead, averaging 72 strokes a minute—an excellent rate. Every 40 minutes, he was passed a cup of honey and tea, or Coke or dextrose. Aboard the boat accompanying him, the atmosphere was confident.

The boat itself was a bit of luck. Kinsella had drawn FE 137, with Reg Brickell as pilot, and he is among the best and most experienced of the Channel pilots, with nearly 100 attempts behind him.

But just before 5:30 the 55" water began to take its toll and Kinsella's stroke slackened. "It was so cold I could hardly keep going," Kinsella said later. "And I'd swallowed so much seawater I was feeling very sick. I contemplated giving up. But I thought of the disgrace if I let the Channel beat me. And I thought of my parents on the boat. And I thought of my fiancée back at home ... and, hell, I knew I had to keep going."

Gradually Kinsella's stroke became stronger. He was still cold but the sickness was now only intermittent. He had lost power and rhythm, but there was no question of his stopping.

By now Pitt was in front and pulling away. His course was to the east of Kinsella's and it seemed he would land between Calais and Cap Gris-Nez. With

seven miles to go he appeared to have an unassailable lead of nearly a mile.

On FE 137, the Kinsellas watched gloomily. Jack dared not tell his son how far ahead Pitt was. "It'll only depress him," he said. "We can't win now but we must complete the swim." For her part, Ruth was alarmed by how far to the west they had gone. They seemed to have drifted miles from Pitt. She mentioned this to Brickell. "Tell John we're not out of the race yet," he said. Brickell had sensed the beginning of a westerly and altered course to pick it up. If he was right and his swimmer was strong enough, they could reach the favored point at Cap Gris-Nez before the tide changed. But there was a lot of water to make up.

Jack relayed the message to his son. The news was just the incentive John needed. He told himself the water wasn't cold. He raised his stroke. The water suddenly seemed warmer. (In fact, with the change of wind and the nearness of the French coast, it was several degrees warmer.) Everyone on the boat was shouting encouragement. All Brickell wanted to know was "Can your boy keep strong?" Finally, on the two-way radio from the judges' boat came the cheering words, "Kinsella now leading."

Kinsella started his sprint for home, and a small flotilla of French boats left loose with whistles and sirens. But the race and its hazards were not quite over. As he struck out for Cap Gris-Nez, accompanied by the official race observer in a rowboat, he suddenly realized that to reach shore he had to climb what appeared to be an unclimbable rock. But nothing was going to stop him now, and flinging off his goggles he clambered up the jagged rock, cutting his arms and legs. His time was nine hours and 10 minutes—1½ hours short of the record, but 32 minutes ahead of Pitt.

A few hours later, back in his hotel room in Dover, Kinsella talked on the phone to his fiancée, Kathy Kalber, in New York. "Honey, there's good news and bad news," he said. "The bad news—a mile from home Pitt was in the lead. The good news—I won!"

Kinsella showed he's good at rock climbing, too.



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He bit the hand that fed him

At the behest of his friend John Cook, Mark O'Meara came to Ohio to qualify for the U.S. Amateur and stay at Cook's condo. So guess who beat whom in the finals

Those who fancy battered tin cups and musty tradition hold the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship in special esteem. It is a paragon of decorous golf. Bobby Jones helped make it famous. Jack Nicklaus won it back when he had a burr haircut. This is the tournament of cabbages and kings, having been won by both greenkeepers' sons and those with Roman numerals after their names. It is also the oldest of the nation's major championships. No wonder the USGA treats it deferentially, as if it were a venerable elder to be loved and pampered.

Last week in the 79th U.S. Amateur, Mark O'Meara and John Cook epitomized what the event is about. Cook is a transplanted Californian and a senior at Ohio State, the latest in golf's assembly line of golden boys. He came to the Canterbury Golf Club in Cleveland as the defending champion and the tournament favorite. O'Meara arrived as a cipher, virtually unknown outside of California, where he is the state champion. But in the 36-hole final on Sunday, Cook dissolved in the rain and O'Meara swamped him 8 and 7.

O'Meara stopped Cook just as Cook was preparing to step into the history books. No champion has repeated in the Amateur since E. Harvie Ward did it in 1956. But then, it always has been one of the hardest of tournaments to win. Tom Watson never won it. Doug Sanders and Frank Stranahan had pro-tournament victories as amateurs, but they never prevailed in the Amateur.

To win, O'Meara survived a devilish course, a field of the top amateurs and a rigorous format that included 36 holes of medal qualifying on Tuesday and Wednesday, followed by double rounds of match play on Thursday and Friday, 18-hole semifinals Saturday and a 36-hole final on Sunday. O'Meara won because

he had a sense of timing, of when to turn it on. In his early matches he played only as well as he needed to, shooting five-over-par golf while Cook was blitzing his opponents with birdies. Then, in the finals O'Meara got hot while Cook became jittery. O'Meara took five straight holes over one stretch Sunday morning and finished the first 18 with a 4-up lead, having shot a one-under-par 70, while Cook had a 74. In the afternoon O'Meara reeled off three consecutive birdies and took an insurmountable 8-up lead after 26 holes.

Going into Sunday, Cook was clearly the favorite, having defeated tougher earlier-round opponents by margins big and small. On Friday he battled his way through what he called "the hardest day of my life." In the morning he needed eight extra holes to eliminate Lennie Clements of Poway, Calif. one-up. Following a quick shower and a sandwich, Cook spent the afternoon defeating NCAA champion Gary Hallberg of Wake Forest, 4 and 3. Cook finished the day with bags underneath his eyes, but he felt the elation of one who had survived the test. The rest of the way looked easy. "Whoever wins my bracket will just walk through the finals," said Cook. He was wrong.

Ironically, O'Meara was playing in the Amateur partly at Cook's behest. O'Meara, 22, lives in Mission Viejo, Calif., and played his intercollegiate golf at Long Beach State, but Cook persuaded him to enter sectional qualifying for the U.S. Amateur at the Muirfield Village Golf Club near Columbus, Ohio. There O'Meara wound up leading the field and spent three days as a guest in Cook's condominium at the course.

The two are good friends, and except for the color of their hair—Cook has blond locks as straight as straw, while

O'Meara has a mop of dark, wavy hair—they are alike in several respects. Both of their families own condominiums in Palm Springs, both have won the California amateur title and both are three-time All-Americans. Now both have won the U.S. Amateur.

The final result wasn't the only unexpected turn at the Amateur. Bobby Clampett, the reigning amateur eccentric and often Cook's chief rival, performed in a completely mannerly fashion, allaying any USGA worries over what he might do next. And 42-year-old Dick Siderowf, a two-time British Amateur champ, the Walker Cup's non-playing captain and one of the few in the Canterbury field who actually works for a living—he's a stockbroker—won three matches. And then there were the prodigious tee shots and combative spirit of Wayne Player, Gary's 17-year-old son. Wayne's doing dad kept phoning Canterbury from South Africa to check with caddie Rabbit Dyer as to how his "laddie" was doing. The answer was, quite well. Player opened with a 41 and then shot three straight 34s in qualifying. In a second-round match with Cook, he hit a 230-yard two-iron shot out of the rough, made an eagle and took the defending champ to the 18th hole and the brink of agitation before Cook beat him one-up. "He has to be the best 17-year-old in the world," said Cook.

Siderowf's advance to the quarterfinals was doubly sweet because he had not played much tournament golf this summer and because the majority of his rivals in the Amateur were young enough to be his kids. A dozen of the first 15 qualifiers were college students, and Siderowf was the only quarterfinalist over the age of 22. One of his victims was Scott Hoch, last year's Amateur runner-up, whom he whipped 6 and 5. Siderowf finally ran out of legs Friday afternoon against 21-year-old Joe Rascetti.

Meanwhile Clampett of Carmel, Calif., looked unbeatable in the qualifying rounds. He set a course record at Canterbury on Tuesday with a 66, then had a 68 on Wednesday to break by two shots the 36-hole record set by Skee Riegel in

continued



Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

1946. On Thursday he began well by finding a \$20 bill as he walked down the first fairway. But aside from a good showing at the Masters, where he was the low amateur and tied for 23rd overall, this has been a lackluster year for Clampett while Cook has won four tournaments. Against Gary Hallberg Friday morning Clampett was behind most of the time and only a spectacular shot at the 18th green, where he holed a 50-foot wedge pitch, enabled him to send the match into extra holes. Clampett lost when he three-putted from 50 feet three holes later. The loss continued a U.S. Amateur tradition—no medalist since 1940 has won the title.

Clampett has made a habit of attracting attention in the U.S. Open. As an 18-year-old in 1978 he was tied for fifth after two rounds at Cherry Hills. And this year at Inverness, having missed the cut but having been asked to fill out a two-some, he chose to tee off several times from his knees and hit a couple of chip shots between his legs. The USGA viewed this with disdain. Last week Clampett didn't resort to any such foolishness.

In contrast, Cook is methodical and cautious. To prepare for Canterbury, he spent almost two weeks hitting balls and playing solitary practice rounds, working on his concentration as much as his game. On the course Cook is almost phlegmatic, but off the course he can be fairly daring. For instance, he admits having driven a Porsche he owned at 155 mph in Palm Springs. "But that was when I was young," he says, almost apologetically.

The three players who made it into the semifinals with Cook were all relatively obscure. Along with O'Meara, they were Rasset, who plays for Oral Roberts, and Cecil Ingram of the University of Alabama. Ingram played his way into the semis—and an exemption for the 1980 Masters—through such heroics as hitting a putt from 45 feet 35 feet past the cup and then making the 35-footer coming back.

Though he seemed intimidated by the attention he got by attaining the semis, Ingram nonetheless brought a refreshing down-home quality to



O'Meara, a pre-tournament cipher, zeroed in on the win



Defending champion Cook was the Amateur favorite

a tournament where the top players all had Nicklaus' attitude. Ben Crenshaw's haircut and Arnold Palmer's gift for P.R. Ingram's father, Hootie, is associate commissioner of the SEC and a former football coach. When reporters asked Ingram what his father was doing now, he took the question literally, glanced at his watch and replied, "He's either at the office or on the way home."

Against Cook on Saturday, Ingram fell back to earth by shooting a 41 on the front nine and losing six of the first 10 holes of what turned out to be a 5-and-3 defeat. He said he would play in the Masters—if it didn't conflict with a college tournament.

O'Meara's semifinal victim, Rasset, had dominated his early opponents. Against Siderowf, for instance, he was an easy 6-and-5 winner. In the four rounds leading to the semis he had lost only seven holes. He is from Turlock, Calif., a small town in the San Joaquin Valley, and claims his abiding affection for golf derives from the summer of his 16th year, when he spent three months doing construction work, pushing around wheelbarrows filled with cement. Since then Rasset has rarely done anything more strenuous than putting. "You'll never hear me complaining," he said.

O'Meara played with confidence after he saw that Rasset was pressing and that for the first time in the tournament Rasset's driver was misbehaving. At the fifth hole one of his scattershot drives hit a woman spectator. It was that kind of day for Rasset. When he drove the ball well, he usually played a good hole. When he didn't, O'Meara picked up easy wins. During the match they halved only two holes, and after O'Meara birdied the fifth through seventh, he was able to play safe much of the rest of the way. He wound up winning 3 and 1.

For everyone else on Sunday, Canterbury was all leaden clouds, mist and drizzle. For O'Meara, the underdog, all things were bright and beautiful. At the U.S. Amateur, a sense of the moment is important. O'Meara was at the right place at the right time. Cabbage or king, he was, above all, the champion. **END**

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Gorman is always stormin'

Milwaukee's colorful Gorman Thomas is a hit, even when he misses. He's a league leader in homers and whiffs



Thomas harness opponents and teammates alike

An anticipatory buzz spreads through the stands at Milwaukee's County Stadium every time Gorman Thomas strides to the plate. The drone increases as the Brewer slugger stretches his neck; the tension mounts as he tugs at his batting gloves, draws a deep breath and settles into the box. But when Thomas swings at a pitch with his 37-ounce bat, the crowd grows silent as everyone in the park wonders: What's it going to be this time, a hit or a miss?

Milwaukee fans have learned to expect something special from the 28-year-old Thomas every game. At his best, Stormin' Gorman will hit a line-drive home run or make a long running catch in centerfield. At his worst, he'll strike out and, true to his nickname, fling his bat and slam his helmet to the ground.

Thomas' stats reflect his ups and downs. At week's end he had 36 homers, tying him with Boston's Fred Lynn for the American League lead, and his 104 RBIs were tied with Jim Rice for third best in the league. But he was also batting .238, the lowest average among the league's starting centerfielders, and his 145 strikeouts led the majors. In fact, Thomas is an outside threat to surpass Bobby Bonds' major league record of 189 strikeouts in a season. Anything is possible for a player who once whiffed eight straight times.

Thomas has learned to live with his shortcomings. "I'd like to go 5 for 5 every night and hit for a super-high average," he says, "but it just ain't going to happen. I've always struck out but I've always hit homers and driven in runs, too, and that's what I'm paid to do. If I tried to change I'd be doing something unnatural."

Many of Thomas' strikeouts come with no one on base, when he fully unleashes his hard, uppercut stroke in an effort to "go for the pump." But he also knows there are times when the water should be left in the well. "I think about hitting a homer every time I bat," Thomas says, "but you have to put it in perspective. A single with men in scoring position means more than a strikeout with men in scoring position."

Milwaukee Manager George Bamber-

ger agrees that Thomas should concentrate on producing runs instead of a high batting average. That's why he moved him to fourth in the batting order last April, when Milwaukee's regular cleanup man, Larry Hise, went out with a torn rotator cuff. That's also why Bamberger says he would never pinch-hit for Thomas. "You never know when he's going to hit one out," Bamberger says, "and he bears down more with men on base." True enough, Thomas was batting .251 with men in scoring position and .260 in "clutch-hitting" situations, which include those occasions when Thomas has an opportunity to tie the score or put Milwaukee ahead.

Thomas' low batting average was somewhat misleading because he had drawn 82 bases on balls, the fourth highest in the league and a major reason why his on-base average was .350.

For all his power, Thomas is proudest of his fielding. At 6' 3", 205 pounds, he has a build that seems more suited to playing running back than centerfield—and he performs with a football player's abandon. Four times this season Thomas has knocked himself out by crashing into outfield walls while pursuing fly balls, but he has committed only two errors. Bamberger, who shafts other Brewer regulars in and out of the designated hitter's spot, is not about to waste Thomas' aggressive fielding by making him a DH; he has performed that role in only four games in the last two years. "I feel I have no peer as a centerfielder," Thomas says. "I want ... I deserve to win a Gold Glove."

This is only Thomas' second full season in the majors, even though he signed with Milwaukee in 1969. Brewer General Manager Harry Dalton believes that there were two reasons for Thomas' slow progress: 1) the Brewers may have expected too much from him too soon; and 2) he hurt himself with his lack of dedication. Noting Thomas' love of golf, the outdoors and good times, Dalton says, "It's hard for management to be tolerant of a player and give him total commitment when the player doesn't bring 100% of himself to the park."

continued

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Even Thomas admits baseball wasn't the only thing in his life. "I used to be terrible," he says. "I'd stay out all night, then turn around and hunt or play golf all day."

Thomas earned his first shot with the Brewers by hitting 51 home runs for Sacramento in 1974. After playing parts of the next two seasons in Milwaukee, he was sent down to Spokane in the Pacific Coast League in 1977 for what Dulton calls "possibly his last chance" to prove himself. Thomas responded with his finest professional season: a .322 batting average, 36 homers and 114 RBIs. "He realized that he had to stop letting everything else get in the way of his baseball or he just wouldn't make it," says John Felske, his Spokane manager.

Thomas showed he belonged in the majors last season by hitting 32 homers, driving in 86 runs and batting .246. Of course, he struck out 133 times, but clearly that is the nature of the beast. And he is good-natured. The Brewers automatically assume that Thomas is responsible for any clubhouse prank, such as the wide-eyed salmon heads that peered from former First Baseman Tony Muser's locker last year or the live frog that found its way into Sal Bando's athletic supporter during training camp this spring. Recently Thomas filled cigarettes with exploding powder and put up a sign inviting teammates to have a smoke.

The Brewer who lights up one of the loaded cigarettes is in for a big surprise, but then surprises are what Thomas promises.

en" spitballs in his three-inning stint. "The ball was shining when it got to the plate," said Catcher Charlie Moore. While Gorman Thomas was hitting four home runs and Sox to Lezcano three, the Brewer pitching was allowing 49 runs. Even though the effort enabled the Brewers to pass the slumping Red Sox, it dropped them eight games behind the Orioles. Milwaukee announced that slugging Outfielder Larry Hise, out since May 18, would be reactivated in time for the pennant drive. If there is one.

Baltimore (6-3) kept winning and Earl Weaver kept fighting. After being thrown out of the first game of a doubleheader sweep of Chicago, Weaver filed a protest over what he called a lack of "umpire integrity," a veiled reference to his longtime nemesis, ump Ron Luciano. This did not sit well with League President Lee MacPhail, who was at Comiskey Park at the time. MacPhail suspended Weaver for three games. In the manager's absence, Jim Palmer won his first start since June 27 and Eddie Murray hit three homers and drove in all the runs in a 7-4 victory over Minnesota. Later in the week Mike Flanagan beat the Twins 5-4 for his 19th victory, the most in the majors. Gary Roenicke hit three homers to give him 22 for the season. All but two of them have come against Western Division teams.

Detroit (6-2) won six straight, five of them by one run, before running into the awesome A's, who beat the Tigers twice. Steve Kemp was the hero on three different occasions. In a doubleheader sweep of the Mariners, Kemp slugged three homers, including a game-winner in the 10th inning of the first half of the twin bill and a game-tying shot in the seventh inning of the nightcap. He also had the decisive hit in the sixth inning of a 2-1 victory over California.

The Yankees (3-3) picked up George Scott, who had been traded away by Boston and released by Kansas City. Given a third chance, he hit a three-run homer to stake Ron Guadry to his eighth straight victory, 7-5 over the Rangers. The next night against the Royals, the Boomer had three hits, drove in two runs and stole a base in a 7-3 win. But Scott was not the whole Yankee show. Tommy John won his 18th game, and Reggie Jackson hit his 362nd career homer, passing Joe DiMaggio to rank 26th on the all-time list. New York's hopes for the future were raised when Double-A West Haven became the fifth Yankee farm team to win a division title this year.

"We ain't never been in this deep a hole before," said Boston Manager Don Zimmer as the Red Sox (2-4) all but dropped out of the pennant race. Carl Yastrzemski, Fred Lynn and Rick Burleson played while injured, but what hurt the Sox most were their four errors in a 7-3 loss to the White Sox and a two-hit shutout by the Rangers' Doc Medich in Fenway Park. Meanwhile, Yaz moved to within eight hits of 3,000.

The Indians (4-3) received an encouraging relief performance from the most expensive outcast in baseball history, Wayne Garland, and a six-hitter from Len Barker. The Blue Jays (3-4) beat Oakland 7-0 as rookie Phil Huffman allowed only a sixth-inning single by Jim Essian, and Roy Howell had four hits, including a grand slam homer. Relief Pitcher Tom Buskey extended his scoreless streak to 17 innings before giving up the winning run on a 3-2 loss to Seattle.

BALT #7-46 NML #1-56 BOS #7-54 NY 72-60
DET #7-63 CLE #69-67 TOR #3-62

AL WEST Most players would be overjoyed if they went from a sixth-place club to a pennant contender, but Pitcher John Montague liked Seattle so much that he broke down and cried when the Mariners sold him to first-place California (2-5). "There are worse places to go," he said. "I'm happy . . . I guess." By week's end Montague had recovered sufficiently to save both of the Angel victories and put them back on top after they had relinquished first place to Kansas City for a day. Third Baseman Carney Lansford homered his first three times up in a 7-4 win over Cleveland. That helped offset a two-day suspension of Rod Carew for bumping Umpire Nick Bremigan.

The Royals (page 26) won five of seven, thanks in part to a four-game stretch in which they scored 13 first-inning runs. Hal McRae batted .419 with nine RBIs. Amos Otis drove in 10 runs and hit .424, and Durrell Porter went 10 for 23 with nine RBIs. In one game, Kansas City spotted the Yankees five runs and came back to win 9-8. "I don't remember a time when all of our hitters were pounding the ball like they've been doing the last week or so," said Coach Steve Boros. "The top six batters in our order have a chance at hitting 300 this year." There was bad news for fans of serious theater, though. Al Hrabosky, the Mad Hungarian, has apparently all but abandoned his act. Hrabosky was all business in a 2½-inning stint against Milwaukee, during which he allowed no runs and no hits and didn't stomp off the mound once.

The White Sox (3-4), who have taken plenty of abuse on the field this season, continued to take abuse about their field. First, Earl Weaver protested playing a doubleheader because the Comiskey Park diamond was damaged by heavy rains and recent rock concerts. Then Red Sox Outfielder Dwight Evans aggravated a hamstring injury and threatened to sue owner Bill Veckel over the field's condition. The next night the umpires ruled the field unplayable, and three nights after that Brewer Manager George Bamberger protested a rain-shortened 4-3 loss to the White Sox because he contended that the grounds crew had not properly maintained the infield. In between grapes, Clet Lemon hom-

continued

THE WEEK

(Aug. 26-Sept. 1)
by STEVE WULF

AL EAST

The Brewers (3-4) took sole possession of second place, and Manager George Bamberger seemed to temporarily lose possession of his senses. In an 18-8 defeat by Kansas City, Bamberger gave pitching instructions to Third Baseman Sal Bando, Infielder Jim Gantner and Catcher Buck Martinez. There may have been method in his madness, however. Although three regular pitchers allowed 15 runs in three innings, his throw-ins held the Royals to just three runs over the last six. Bando also set an unofficial major league record: by his own admission, he threw "about a doz-

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7-2. In the second loss, Montreal scored seven runs off Tom Seaver in an inning and a third to stop his career-high winning streak at 11 games. Before that defeat, Seaver won 18-9 lifetime against the Expos and 4-0 at Olympic Stadium. But there were some positive notes, too: Mike LaCoss and Tom Hume combined to two-hit Philadelphia 4-2, and Joe Morgan batted .450.

The heart is gone from San Francisco (1-6), or San Fiasco, as one newspaper called the team. Vida Blue, struggling with a (0-12 record and a 5.18 ERA, brandished a clubhouse chair at reporters, and fellow Pitcher John Montefusco walked out on the club after being fined \$500 for drinking on the team plane. Blue later said he was joking, and Montefusco sheepishly returned, but the Giants continued to lose. At the beginning of the season, starters Ed Halicki, Bob Knepper, Montefusco and Blue were supposed to give San Francisco the best pitching staff in baseball, but their combined record is 27-33, and less renowned John Curtis and Ed Whitson have been more re-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

J. R. RICHARD: In pitching two-hit and seven-hit victories, the Houston right-hander allowed no earned runs and ran his string of complete games to eight. In his last seven starts, he had 67 strikeouts and an 0.57 ERA.

liable Whitson four-hit the Cardinals 3-2 in a game decided by Willie McCovey's pinch single.

Gaylord Perry broke a personal five-game losing streak as San Diego (2-4) beat the Cubs 3-1. The Padres then dropped to within three games of last place with their 26th loss in the last 38 games. Two base-running blunders in the 10th and 14th innings by Rookie Jim Wilhelm cost San Diego an 8-7, 15-inning loss to the Cardinals.

The Dodgers (4-3) got two victories from rookie Rick Sutcliffe and another from 14-year veteran Don Sutton. Sutcliffe's 13th win set a Los Angeles first-year record, and Sutton's 2,506th strikeout moved him ahead of Christy Mathewson and into 14th place on the alltime list. Sutcliffe also had the dubious distinction of being ejected in the ninth inning of a 6-4 win over the Cubs for hitting Scott Thompson. Steve Garvey slugged four home runs and batted .321.

Atlanta (3-2) finally found somebody to beat up on—the Mets. The Braves swept a three-game series in New York 5-1, 6-4 and 5-4 behind the good pitching of Buddy Jay Solomon, Phil Niekro and Rick Matula. Niekro later lost 6-4 to Philadelphia to bring his bulky record to 17-18.



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HOOR 77-58 CIN 77-58 LA 63-72
SF 60-78 SD 87-79 ATL 63-81



Rockne's first team as head coach in 1918 included George Gipp (top row, center), Curly Lambeau (to Gipp's right), Eddie Anderson



(middle row, far left) and Hank Anderson (middle row, far right).

Nov. 1, 1913 was an unforgettable day on the Plains of West Point. With seconds left in a scoreless game against Army, Notre Dame had the ball near midfield. On fourth and eight, Irish Quarterback Knute Rockne dropped back to pass. His primary receiver, Left End Gus Dorais, was double-covered. Downfield, Halfback George Gipp was clear but unnoticed by Rockne, who was retreating before the onrushing Cadets. Rockne circled to his right, dropped the ball to the ground and kicked it on the bounce toward the Army goal 62 yards away. The ball traveled in a very flat trajectory, one so low the ball would surely have fallen short if it had not struck Gipp on the helmet and caromed over the crossbar as the gun sounded. In the press box, caught up in the drama of it all, sportscaster Grantland Rice shouted, "There's one off the Gipper!" thereby coining a phrase that has rung down through the years.

Any quiz-kid scholar of gridiron rules will instantly spot a serious error in the foregoing account: in 1913 a drop-kicked field goal did not count if the ball ricocheted off a player. And any casual devotee of football trivia will find other glaring discrepancies. Knute Rockne played fullback and left end at Notre Dame, never quarterback. His teammate Gus Dorais was the quarterback who did the

continued

WE KNOW OF KNUTE, YET KNOW HIM NOT

Fact: the real Knute Rockne was the most successful of football coaches. Fancy: the Rockne of books and film was largely myth

by **COLES PHINIZY**

ROCKNE

continued

drop-kicking. George Gipp, the most celebrated of the 96 All-Americans who have come from Notre Dame, did not play with Rockne and Dorais but for them in their coaching days. It was Gipp, not Rockne or Dorais, who, in an obvious punting situation, once foisted the opposition and his own team by drop-kicking a 62-yard field goal.

To distort the truth about old Notre Dame heroes so extravagantly may seem irreverent, but in the case of Rockne there is ample precedent. In the 48 years since he died, the legend of Rockne has been so heavily laced with fiction and mawkish exaggeration that at this point to adhere strictly to facts might seem to dishonor him.

Knute Kenneth Rockne was a multi-faceted genius of the sort that defies easy cataloging. He was worldly yet homespun. He was a rah-rah team man who felt at home with screwballs and loners. As both football coach and chemistry instructor, he was a fundamentalist with a revolutionary flair. He was a brainy, nit-picking perfectionist with the broad appeal of a circus clown. He was quite a man, but not quite the man legend would have him.

Rockne was born in Voss, Norway on March 4, 1888. He died 43 years later in a plane crash near Bazaar, Kans. The last 21 years of his short life were devoted in large part to football and his alma mater, the University of Notre Dame du Lac. Before completing his secondary education in Chicago, he worked as a clerk and dispatcher for the Chicago Post Office. Convinced after four years that the "temple of loafing" (as he described the Post Office) was a dead end where merit meant nothing, in 1910 Rockne, who still did not have a high school diploma, took exams for admission to Notre Dame.

In his undergraduate years, 1910-14, Rockne was an all-rounder. He wrote for the college weekly, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, and was an editor of the annual, *The Dome*. He played the flute vigorously in concerts and at informal get-togethers. In a boyhood free-for-all in Chicago, he was once swatted so solidly across the face with a baseball bat that when he entered Notre Dame as a

ballding 22-year-old he looked like a club fighter. Despite his pug features, in campus theatricals he occasionally played the parts of femmes who were almost fatales. He was a very good student and a versatile athlete—a combination so commonplace in that more innocent time that it was scarcely remarked upon. On the way to a degree in chemistry, he averaged 92.4% in 31 full- and part-time courses, and while carrying that load, he also audited lectures in other courses.

In the winter and spring, Rockne won points for Notre Dame as a sprinter, quarter-mile, long jumper, shotputter and pole vaulter, setting indoor and outdoor university records in the vault that lasted 15 years. During his football playing days, Notre Dame drubbed inferior rivals by scores as lopsided as 116-7 and toppled such giants as Pitt and Army while winning 24 games, losing one and tying three. In the next four seasons, during which Rockne assisted Coach Jesse Harper, Notre Dame's record was 27 wins, five losses, one tie. In Rockne's 13 years as head coach—1918-30—his teams won 105, lost 12 and tied five, for a won-lost percentage of .881, which is still the major-college record.

Upon graduating in 1914, Rockne had intended to study medicine at St. Louis University, while coaching on the side to pay his way. When St. Louis insisted that the football job would not be compatible with a med student's work load, Rockne returned to Notre Dame. He could easily have gotten a position exclusively as a chemistry instructor under Dr. Julius Nieuwland, a pioneer in the development of synthetic rubber. Rockne elected instead to go several ways at once. While teaching, he also served as track coach and assisted Harper in football.

Had he gone into medicine or stayed with chemistry and never again set foot on an athletic field, Rockne would still be remembered for his role in one football game. There truly was an unforgettable Notre Dame-Army game on the Plains of

continued

In Rockne's years at Notre Dame, both cars and a play known as Old 51 became woven into the fabric of American sporting life.





ROCKNE

continued

West Point in 1913. On that afternoon, little-known Notre Dame, a denominational institution with 470 undergraduates, whopped Army, an established Eastern power, 35-13. It was more than a lopsided upset, more than a portent that dominance of the sport was moving west; it was the first game of modern football—a good 15 years ahead of its time. The mastermind of that revolution was Harper, a dry-looking Midwesterner who, despite thin-rimmed specs that gave him a professorial air, had more winning ways than a snake-oil salesman. The star on the field that day was the quarterback, Dorais. He was supported by four other heroes: Fullback Ray Eichenlaub, Right Halfback Joe Pliska and the ends, Rockne and Fred Gushurst. Seventeen times Dorais dropped back and spiraled the ball 10, 20, 30 yards and more to his receivers. With each pass he was, in effect, propelling the game farther into the 20th century.

Major-college quarterbacks now average 20 passes a game and complete 48% of them for 128 yards. Dorais was a 5' 7" 145-pounder with hands of ordinary size, yet while throwing a football almost one and a half inches faster than today's, he completed 13 of his 17 attempts for 243 yards. Such a performance would still be impressive. In 1913 it was incredible. Harry Cross of *The New York Times* reported with understandable hyperbole, "The yellow leather egg was in the air half the time, with the Notre Dame team spread out in all directions over the field waiting for it. The Army players were hopelessly confused and chagrined before Notre Dame's great playing, and their style of old-fashioned, close, line-smashing play was no match for the spectacular and highly perfected attack of the Indiana collegians. All five of Notre Dame's touchdowns were the result of forward passes."

Though Rockne's contribution to this memorable afternoon was considerable, it was his coaching, not playing, that led to the erection of monuments to him in widely scattered places. There is one in the Norwegian town where he was born and there are two near the spot where he died in Kansas. There is a Knute Rockne Memorial athletic building at Notre Dame. There is a plaque in his honor on the wall of a bathhouse in Cedar Point, Ohio, hard by the Lake Erie beach where

ucts, the scenarists took liberties in depicting Rockne's life—but then so did just about everyone else.

Who's to blame? Rockne more than anyone. For all his precision when it came to coaching football, he was at heart theatrical and romantic—and inaccurate. Many of his admirers emulated him, at times even disregarding logic if it happened to get in the way of romance.

Typical of the Rockne biographies hastily published following his death is

one by Harry Stuhldreher, the quarterback in the Four Horsemen backfield of 1923-24. His book, *Knute Rockne: Man Builder*, begins with a vignette of Rockne on the sidelines at a big away game. As the scene opens, Rockne is seated in a camp chair in front of the visiting team's bench, within earshot of his assistant coaches and substitute quarterbacks. "Watching his team operate on the field," Stuhldreher wrote, "he chatters constantly." As the unspecified opposing team tries an end sweep, Rockne says, "Now they are coming back with the same play. Kosky diagnosed

the play properly this time. He's floating wide with their interference. Doing a good job, too. Running low, crossing over his legs, with his arms outstretched, keeping the opponents away from his body. He doesn't necessarily have to make the tackle but he's keeping them from getting outside him. He has chased the runner out of bounds."

If spattered out at machine-gun rate, the above monologue takes about 15 seconds to say. Any back who needed 15 seconds to run a sweep could have been ridden out of bounds by Fatty Arbuckle. But let's just chalk that off as poetic license.

Stuhldreher's sideline glimpse of Rockne in action ends at halftime, with Notre Dame leading 13-0. Considering the names of the players Stuhldreher



While ill with pleurisy, Rockne (wearing homburg) coached from the stands.

in the summer of 1913 he and Dorais developed the passing and catching skills that beat Army in November. In 1932 the Studebaker Corporation of South Bend, Ind., produced a six-cylinder motor car called the Rockne. The Liberty ship *Knute Rockne* served in World War II. A service area on the Indiana toll road is named for him.

He was a much-loved storybook hero, and for love and/or money, a lot of people had a lot to say about him. Within a year of his death in 1931, five Rockne biographies were published. Now there are 11, and about one and a half dozen other books on Notre Dame football that feature him. Two full-length movies were made about his life as player and coach and about the great players he coached. Because the films were Hollywood prod-

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ROCKNE

continued

mentions in other portions of his vignette, the scene could have occurred only at the Pitt or Penn game of 1930. On the Saturdays when Notre Dame played these teams, Stuhldreher was in other cities coaching Villanova against Temple and Bucknell. Stuhldreher's vivid scene must be largely fabrication, and apparently not even he had much faith in his contrivance. After elaborately portraying Rockne as a chatterer on the sidelines, Stuhldreher begins his very next chapter by describing Rockne as "a quiet man who doubled up in a camp chair and twirled a cigar" while watching his men play.

A Rockne autobiography that first appeared as a serial in *Collier's* in 1930 was published a year later in book form with a foreword by Rev. John Cavanaugh, who was president of Notre Dame in Rockne's playing and early coaching years. Cavanaugh wrote of Rockne's arrival at Notre Dame in September 1910: "He was duly matriculated after severe examination and was assigned to 'the subway' in Sorin Hall. The subway was a group of half subterranean and half superterranean rooms. There he met his roommate.

"My name is Dorais."

"Mine's Rockne."

"Evidently we're going to room together."

Father Cavanaugh's account would make a peachy beginning for an authentic scenario: Dorais and Rockne, soon to be an unbeatable passing combination, are by fate linked as roommates right from the start of their days beneath the Golden Dome. Marvelous. The stuff of legend. Or, in this case, myth. Apparently Father Cavanaugh never bothered to read the autobiography that followed.

True, Rockne and Dorais eventually roomed together in Corby Hall, but as a freshman Rockne was first assigned to single quarters in Brownson Hall that were downright monastic. In each cubicle there was barely space for one student, his bed and his innermost thoughts. Clothes were kept in a community locker room or a studyhall desk.

Of his first days in South Bend, Rockne wrote, "Notre Dame University in 1910, when I felt the strangeness of being a lone Norse Protestant—of the

word must be used—invasion of a Catholic stronghold, comprised six halls, in one of which, Brownson Dormitory, I was installed. There were 400 undergraduates, physical training was compulsory, and a fellow wasn't thought much of unless he went out for his hall team in football."

But one had best not condemn Stuhldreher or Cavanaugh too quickly, because Rockne himself was not an impeccable source on Rockne. Further on in his autobiography, Rockne recalls that, after he went out for the Brownson Hall team, Joe Collins, a varsity end, recommended him to the Notre Dame coach, Frank (Shorty) Longman. "Longman sent me out with the scrubs in a test game with the regulars," Rockne wrote. "He made me fullback. They should have changed my position to drawback. Never on any football field was there so dismal a flop. Trying to spear my first punt, I had frozen fingers and the ball rolled everywhere it wasn't wanted. Longman kept me in that agonizing game. Finally I tried to punt. Nothing happened . . . I was half-paralyzed. A 200-pound tackle smashed into me. My 145 pounds went back for a 15-yard loss.

"Longman yanked me out of the scrubs and sent me back to Brownson Hall. I was a dud, a washout, not even good enough for the scrubs."

From Rockne's account one can easily visualize his ignoble debut as a Notre Dame football player: on the sidelines students laugh uproariously and loyal chums like Gus Dorais stand tight-lipped as Rockne, the over-aged scrub, scrambles around trying to hold on to the ball while eluding first-string behemoths. Another fine storybook beginning for his career, except that it, like Father Cavanaugh's account, is so much baloney.

In the autumn of 1910 the Notre Dame team won its opener against Olivet College of Michigan 48-0, abetted by a 165-pound freshman who started at fullback. Who was that fresh starter? Why none other than Rockne, the man who said he was a "washout, not even good enough for the scrubs."

Although they often spelled his name

"Rockne" instead of "Rockne," the *South Bend Tribune* and the student-run *Scholastic* both kept track of the former postal clerk in his freshman year. In its coverage of a football workout on Oct. 1, 1910, the *Tribune* said, "Another new candidate reported yesterday in the person of Rockne. The new candidate is a husky individual, and in the light workout given him, showed that he was possessed of much speed." A week later, in its preview of the Olivet game, the *Scholastic* observed, "Almost every day Carter Field produces a new star. Second team men are being shifted daily to the regulars, and some regular sees his star fall as he lines up with the 'yankees' . . . Of the new men, Rockne and Bergman have been hitting the line in a way that would make a billy goat blush with envy." Over one of its pregame stories, the *Tribune* ran the headline: ROCKNE MAKING GOOD AT FULLBACK; in another preview, the paper reported that Fullback Rockne had broken away in practice for long gains, scoring three of the varsity's five touchdowns against the scrubs. About the only criticism of Rockne in the two publications appeared in the *Tribune's* story of the Olivet game. "Rockne proved to be a good man at full," the *Tribune* said. "He managed to find his way through the defense many times, but lost many yards on fumbles."

If Rockne had applied to football the same cavalier disregard for reality that he often applied to the other facets of his career, he would have gone nowhere as a player or coach. In his life there were interesting—and true—tales aplenty, but apparently not enough for him. In his inspirational after-dinner talks and in his popular writing, Rockne had a habit of digressing into long, saccharine, moralistic stories about fictitious players. His phony accounts were never self-serving; to the contrary, they were often humorously belittling. Recounting his high school days, he wrote in his autobiography, "Persistence at track meets won me a small reputation, and when a whimsical switch to pole vaulting brought me into the news by making an indoor record of 12' 4"—which today wouldn't qualify a boy to be a mascot—I began to think I'd arrived." In point of fact, when Rockne was a high school se-

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ROCKNE

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nior, the world outdoor record was only 12' 2". By 1914, when Rockne did indeed vault 12' 4" to set a Notre Dame indoor mark, the world record had increased to only 13' 2 3/4". Even in 1930, when Rockne wrote so disdainfully of his mark, it was still good enough to win many high school conference meets.

Savoring the famous 1913 upset of Army, Rockne wrote: "Nationwide discussion of Notre Dame by football followers after the first Army game had tremendous effect on our own varsity spirit. Everybody in the school, save the older professors, wanted to be a football player. I recall even Cy Williams, celebrated home-run slugger of the Philly Nationals, clamoring for football togs. As he came out on the field for first practice, he said, 'Come on, fellows, let's kick up a few flies.' The baseball coach barred Cy from football, afraid that Cy might get hurt."

It is true that Fred (Cy) Williams, the Phillies' long-ball hero of the '20s, did play football with Rockne—in 1910, the year Rockne says he himself was not good enough to make the squad. But Williams could not have tried out in 1913 nor been barred from doing so by the baseball coach for three reasons: 1) he finished at Notre Dame in 1912; 2) he was the Notre Dame baseball coach in 1913; and 3) he had already played with the Chicago Cubs, and therefore had lost his amateur eligibility.

When Rockne's literary excesses are pointed out to his former players, they tend to dismiss them with a knowing smile as they recall what a ham their coach could be. James (Sleepy Jim) Crowley, the left half of the Four Horsemen quartet, an able coach and a wag in his own right, recalls: "We used to love to go to practice because Rock was such a character. His pep talks depended on the importance of the game. I only recall his giving a few.

"One involved a telegram from his little boy, Billy, before the Georgia Tech game in 1922. Rockne probably sent the wire himself. He came into the locker room with a bunch of telegrams from prominent alumni and said to us, 'I have one wire here, boys, that probably doesn't mean much to you, but it does to me. It's from my poor sick little boy, Billy, who is critically ill in the hospital.'"

"Rock was a great actor," Crowley adds as he remembers the moment. "He got a lump in his throat and his lips began to tremble as he read Billy's wire: 'I want Daddy's team to win.' We won the 1922 Georgia Tech game for Billy, and when we got home we found out that Billy hadn't been sick at all. There was a big crowd to meet us at the station, and running around in front of everyone was 'sick' little Billy Rockne, looking healthy enough for a Pet Milk ad.

"When Rock played Southern Cal at Soldier Field in '29—while the Notre Dame stadium was being built—his team was the underdog," Crowley continues. "As he was walking from the hotel to the field with Joe Byrne, an alumnus who was considered the Eastern representative of Notre Dame, Rock says, 'We're going to lose today; the team has been lethargic all week. Only way to win is if I could think of something that would give the boys an emotional lift. I've racked my brain; I didn't sleep a wink last night.' Joe Byrne, who had a little devilry in his heart, suggested, 'Why don't you tell the boys you are receiving such vitriolic letters from alumni that you can't take it any longer, and that you are resigning and would like to go out a winner?'

"So in the dressing room, Rock says, 'Boys, I am getting this pressure from the alumni. My wife Bonnie can't take it any longer, and my children are being ridiculed at school. I am resigning. Please let me go out a winner. So go out there and win, WIN!' While Rock is saying all that, over in a corner of the room Joe Byrne, the archfiend of the diabolical plot, is shedding crocodile tears. When Byrne bends over, reaching for a handkerchief to dry his eyes, a pint of Johnnie Walker Black Label slips out of his pocket and smashes on the floor.

"Notre Dame beat Southern Cal, and on the walk back to the hotel Byrne asks Rockne what he will tell his boys when he sees them at practice next Monday. 'What do you mean, what will I tell them?' Rock says. 'I am resigning unless I get a letter of apology from the alumni.' Rock gave such a good talk before that game," Crowley concludes, "that he even convinced himself."

In an article titled "Psychology in Football," Rockne blithely confessed that

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he used a bogus telegram from little Billy to fire up the 1922 team, and he also admitted that three years later, when Notre Dame trailed Northwestern 10-0 at half-time, he quit as coach in order to goad his players into a 13-10 win. "It was really a great comeback," Rockne observed by way of justifying his fraud. "However, it was the first and last time I did anything like it." (Not so. According to a variety of sources, Rockne "quit" at least three times in his coaching career.)

When it came to weeping over the team's chances, wringing hands and prophesying defeat week after week, one of Rockne's protégés, Frank Leahy, is generally considered to have been without equal. Actually, because he was more likable than Leahy and wept less, Rockne was more convincing as a dispenser of pregame gloom. The premier example came in his last season. Seven days before Carnegie Tech and the Irish met in 1930, *The New York Times* reported glowingly that Notre Dame, which had been the undefeated national champion in 1929, had its "usual wealth of material." Then, only three days before the game, the *Times* related, "After watching his Notre Dame regulars vainly attempt to stop Carnegie Tech plays in scrimmage today, Knute Rockne tossed up his hands in despair and predicted the Tartans would win by 'eight or nine touchdowns.'" One day later, having heard from the Rock himself, the *Times* said, "If the Notre Dame team loses, the result cannot in any sense be termed an upset." Rockne was so convincing in his pessimism that by kickoff time Carnegie Tech was favored over undefeated Notre Dame. The next day the *Times*' headline above its account of the game read, **NOTRE DAME UPSETS CARNEGIE TECH 21-6.**

In the 1920s, football practice at Notre Dame started every weekday afternoon at about 3:30, when Rockne would call out in his metallic voice, "Everybody up." Then, for one and a half or two hours, the boys would get a lot of sweaty truth and little champagne from the battered old oil can. Until his later years—particularly the last two when he suffered greatly from phlebitis—Rockne often went one-on-one with his boys

when they practiced tackling and blocking, the touchstones of his success.

In contrast to his public utterances, Rockne's talks on the practice field and at football clinics and his technical writings about the game contain little malarky or windiness. At times he was homespun, at times learned, at times epigrammatic. In discussing attitude, he once said, "One loss is good for the soul; too many losses are not good for the coach." In his book, *Coaching: The Complete Notre Dame System*, the first of the 36 injunctions he addressed to quarterbacks was: "Know when not to forward pass." His second admonition has since become famous: "When in doubt, punt." He opened his chapter on halfbacks by saying, "Halfbacks are born. Some coaches take a lot of credit for having developed certain halfbacks. What is generally meant by that is that a man with a lot of talent comes to a coach, and the coach does him no particular harm." In explaining how he developed his Four Horsemen backfield, Rockne modestly observed with tongue in cheek, "How it came to pass that four young men so eminently qualified by temperament, physique and instinctive pacing to complement one another perfectly and thus produce the best coordinated and most picturesque backfield in the recent history of football—how that came about is one of the inscrutable achievements of coincidence, of which I know nothing save that it's a rather satisfying mouthful of words."

Notre Dame's memorable upset of Army in 1913 has obscured the fact that it was a defeat in Rockne's first year of coaching that may have been the pivotal game for the Irish in the long run. There is a quote that, in many variations, has often been attributed to Rockne. Once when asked if a particular football trick was original with him, he replied, "Everything started with Yale, and Yale got it all from God." Impressed by the Notre Dame upset of Army in 1913, Yale took on the Irish the next year when Rockne was serving as an assistant under Harper. The Elis beat the Irish 28-0—the worst Notre Dame defeat in the 18 years that Harper and Rockne coached. It had rained for three days before the game, and the field was a swamp

In the first six plays, Yale and Notre Dame exchanged possession four times on fumbles. In such soggy conditions, a slugging team might logically have won with an unrelenting ground attack. But the Yalies did something far cuter. In the week preceding the game, they had worked out against Canadian rugby players. Taking a cue from their practice opponents, the Elis retreated 40 yards to the original open, rugby style of football. They handed the ball off, pitched it back, and tossed it out and still farther out. On some plays four Yalies handled the ball before it reached the line of scrimmage. As Rockne summed up the game, "They lateral-passed Notre Dame out of the park. . . . It was the most valuable lesson Notre Dame ever had in football. It taught us never to be cocksure. Modern football at Notre Dame can be dated from that game. On the following Monday Jesse Harper put in the backfield shift, with my idea of shuffling or flexing the ends." Although Harper had experimented in 1913 with backfield realignment before the center snap, it was not until after the soggy defeat at Yale in 1914 that the famous Notre Dame shift came to be.

Although devoid of color and sound, the old, grainy newsreel movies of Rockne's men in action are still a thing of beauty. The line sets up; the backfield moves into the T formation. Then, with each man traveling a different distance with a different number of steps, as if guided by inner music, the backfield flows out of the T into the famous trapezoidal "Notre Dame box." In the next instant the ball is centered, and the backs are off, still in perfect unison, each on a different mission.

Since the early 1900s there had been many shift formations, simple and fancy, but none created as much of a stir as the Notre Dame shift installed by Harper and exploited by Rockne. Working on the theory that the Notre Dame shift gave the Irish offense the advantage of having momentum when the ball was snapped, the rules makers of the 1920s twice tightened the restrictions on shifts. The original injunction that every man's feet be solidly planted before the snap was modified to prohibit even the slightest swaying of the body. Later, the rules

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were amended again, stipulating a full second without any motion. In spite of the restrictions, Notre Dame kept on winning.

Throughout the haggling, Rockne insisted that the virtue of the shift was not momentum but the advantage gained from perfect timing and execution. When Illinois Coach Bob Zuppke protested that momentum was at issue, Rockne reputedly replied, "My good friend Zuppke knows that the only creature that can make forward progress by moving sideways is a crab." It was not a system worth much to mediocre teams with lone stars. It was designed for 11 men working as one. That was Rockne's credo, and it was far more a factor in Notre Dame's winning than his occasional harangues or psychological plays.

To appreciate fundamental football as preached and practiced by Rockne, here's what we will do. We will assemble about half a dozen Harper-Rockne men who played between the years 1914 and 1930 and let Frank Carideo, the best of Rockne's quarterbacks, give them a one-question quiz.

The first candidate for this test will be Mal Elward, who subbed for Rockne at left end in 1913 and started in 1914, when the shift was first adopted. At the other chronological extreme we will call on Edward (Moose) Krause, the current athletic director of Notre Dame, who scrimmaged as a freshman against Rockne's last varsity squad. In the test group we should certainly include Donald Chester Peter (Chet) Grant, who quarterbacked for Harper in 1916 and then—after time off for World War I—returned to serve under Rockne in 1920 and '21. Other likely participants would be Halfback Norm Barry, who played in the backfield with Gipp, and Halfback-Fullback Paul Castner, who played with both Gipp and the Four Horsemen. To balance out the group, we should add a couple of interior linemen, perhaps the 148-pound All-America guard of 1930, Bert Metzger, and his 195-pound teammate, All-America Tackle Joe Kurth.

On a desk before each of these men we will place a piece of paper marked only with the diagram of a classical seven-man defensive line and diamond secondary. Then Carideo will simply call

out, "25-14-63 hup." By the time Carideo completes half the call, it's a safe bet that every man in the room, from Elward, class of '16, to Krause, '34, could diagram his assignment. From the first three digits of the call they would know that the shift was to the right and that the play was off-tackle.

Notre Dame players came and went, but for nearly 20 years the off-tackle play, "Old 51," lived on. It was the epitome of simple success based on timing and execution. When a key block was muffed, Old 51 often went nowhere. When everyone got his man—and most of the blocking was one-on-one—it was a long gainer. With perceptive candor, Grant recalls that, "Old 51 always worked, sometimes."

Rival teams came to know Old 51 and to recognize it by its call. They designed defenses specifically for it. Still it worked. Other coaches adopted Old 51, which provoked Rockne to grouse, "If they are going to use it, at least they could give it a different number."

When Notre Dame and Army met late in the 1926 season, both were undefeated. In the first half, Army contained Notre Dame by dropping its tackles off the line to defend against Old 51. In the second half, when Irish Right End John Wallace reported that Army's left tackle, a Texan named Mortimer (Bud) Sprague, had moved back up on the line, the next play Quarterback Red Edwards called was Old 51 to the right. That year Christy Flanagan, also a Texan, was the back who carried the ball on that play. Reviewing the game, sportswriter Tim Cohane reported, "That one play was enough. It was a perfect play. After a scoreless first half, Christy Flanagan, Notre Dame's left halfback, broke off Army's left tackle and ran 63 yards for a touchdown. The blocking, both in the line and downfield, eradicated every potential Cadet tackler, so that Christy went his way without so much as a finger being laid on him." Final score: Notre Dame 7, Army 0.

In the book *We Remember Rockne*, Flanagan recalls that some years later when he was coaching at the Naval Acad-

emy, a limousine drove up to the practice field and out stepped Bud Sprague. After graduating as an All-America, Sprague had married a Congressman's daughter and was on his way up the military ladder. Flanagan says, "I went back to the scrimmage and told the quarterback, 'Listen, if you don't mind, run Old 51 to the right, will ya?' I then turned and shouted to Bud to watch. Well, you should have seen his expression. The instant the formation started, Bud knew what it was. . . . 'You ol' rascal you!' he cried. 'You never will forget, will you.'"

When Notre Dame and Army met at Soldier Field in Chicago late in the 1930 season, again they were both undefeated. It was a wretched day: icy rain fell on a fog-shrouded field that was partly frozen and mostly mush. It figured to be a sell-out of 115,000, but there were 15,000 no-shows. Army punted 20 times, Notre Dame 14. Army completed one of three passes for no gain, Notre Dame one of eight for three yards. Army made three first downs, Notre Dame five. Army gained 63 yards on the ground, Notre Dame 188, most of it with Old 51.

Kurth believes the Irish used only five running plays, Old 51 at least 15 times. Carideo, who called most of the plays, believes Kurth's estimate is conservative. Whatever the count, with only five minutes to go, Old 51 was the difference. In his game story, Robert Kelley of *The New York Times* wrote, "For one play Marchmont Schwartz, Notre Dame's left halfback, found the stage completely arranged for him, and he ran 54 yards to a touchdown over turf that was as slippery as an ice rink. . . . Schwartz was off tackle. It was the perfect play toward which Notre Dame aims through all its games." Final score: Notre Dame 7, Army 6.

To succeed with a play as shopworn as Old 51, a coach needs 11 good men. "Football is not and should not be a game for the strong and stupid," Rockne observed. "It should be a game for the smart, the swift, the brave and the clever boy." In his theatrical moments away from the game, Rockne tolerated all sorts of entrepreneurs and toadies, but when it came to football, he was suspicious, particularly of eager alumni who claimed they had just met Notre Dame's next starting tackle in the person of a

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neighborhood newsboy. "A couch with such keen sight would be more of a marvel than any player," said Rockne. "The only man who can pick men by simply looking at them is a hotel night clerk, who is suspicious by nature of men without baggage."

Rockne's men came from near and far, from cities and hamlets, from high schools large and small. Some on arrival in South Bend were heralded stars, some were unsung.

In the first two decades of this century, before recruiting and eligibility rules became stringent, there was an amicable exchange of players between South Bend and the ived East. Charles Crowley, who was later to become coach of Columbia, played for Notre Dame after playing for Harvard. Robert (Pete) Vaughan, the estimable Wabash coach, played for Notre Dame before playing for Princeton.

But the East was not the only field Notre Dame recruiters plowed. Kurth was recruited from within a stone's throw of the admissions office of the University of Wisconsin. As a high-schooler in Madison, he had been All-City for three years. He played freshman football at Wisconsin, but then quit school, disenchanted by a chemistry professor who openly admitted downgrading jocks in his private war against athletic overemphasis. A year and a half later, as Kurth, who was now planning to finish college without playing football, was on his way to reregister at Wisconsin, he was hailed by Badger Assistant Coach Tom Lieb, who had played for Rockne in '21 and '22. Three days later Kurth had a scholarship at Notre Dame.

Take the case of Schwartz, an All-America halfback who still ranks as one of Notre Dame's top ground-gainers. He learned his football in Bay St. Louis, Miss., at St. Stanislaus, a tiny parochial school that many years later produced Felix (Doc) Blanchard. Out of several dozen offers from schools as far away as Dartmouth, Schwartz accepted one from Loyola of New Orleans that was loaded with fringe benefits. A shipping tycoon named Blaise D'Antoni had determined that Loyola should become sort

of a Notre Dame du Bayou. To persuade Schwartz to go to Loyola, D'Antoni gave him a 10-day cruise to Havana and Honduras, promised him train fare home on weekends and free theater tickets and two suits of clothes a year, as well as room, tuition and board all the way through law school. On top of that, Schwartz would be given a law clerk's job when his studies were done. "We spent an awful lot of time on the football field," Schwartz recalls. "Then I found out that there were about 10 players on the squad who were taking only a one-hour course at night and were still eligible. . . . I wanted to leave after two weeks."

Compared to the manner in which he had been wooed by Loyola, Schwartz' contact with Notre Dame had been scant indeed. There was no written promise of even free board or tuition; indeed, all he heard from the Irish was word passed along by an undergraduate that Rockne wanted him. In the winter of Schwartz' one year in New Orleans, Rockne—apparently in a tampering mood—visited Loyola's highly regarded coach, Clark Shaughnessy. Schwartz recalls that the Loyola squad was assembled to meet the great visitor, and when Rockne shook Schwartz' hand, he stared at him intently and said, "Why didn't you show up last fall? You're all set at Notre Dame. I'll see you next fall."

In contrast to some other schools, the atmosphere at Notre Dame was definitely not the sort to delude a player about his own importance. Kurth remembers, "When I walked into the equipment room with 117 other Notre Dame freshmen, I was given pants about four sizes wrong and a pair of very long shoes handed down from the hamburger squad. I told them, 'My God, I'll have to take four steps to catch up with the toes of these things.'" Jim Crowley says, "The equipment manager would throw an athletic supporter over the counter at you, and if you pointed out that it would take an elephant to fill it, he'd say, 'It's the one Gipp used.'" In his freshman year Don Miller, another of the Four Horsemen, was more than a week late reporting for freshman practice because the supply room had run out of pieces of equipment in his size. It is the sort of thing a freshman should accept, but Miller could rea-

somably have taken offense. In the 13 years before he entered Notre Dame, three of his brothers had given the school 10 years of varsity service.

Although its inducements were modest, Notre Dame got the talent Rockne wanted because he was a recruiter with imagination. Perhaps the most unusual of his recruits was Paul (Lefty) Castner, who had never played a minute of organized football but was given a scholarship by Rockne largely because he had won a kicking competition in France during World War I. "I was perfect material," Castner says. "Since I had never been coached, everything Rockne said was gospel." Castner, an All-America fullback, is one of four Notre Dame men who played both with Gipp and with the Four Horsemen. Indeed, it was because Castner's pelvis was cracked—and his career was ended—by a deliberate kneeling in the 1922 Butler game that the Horsemen first played together as a varsity backfield.

Castner also was instrumental in finding a position for his coach. While Rockne was often getting jobs for others, including rival players and coaches, Castner landed part-time work for Rockne that doubled his annual earnings. In the late '20s, while Castner was working for the Studebaker Corporation, he persuaded Paul Hoffman, then vice-president for sales, to hire Rockne to give inspirational talks to marketing personnel. By the time of his death, Rockne had been appointed director of sales promotion at Studebaker. Speaking on behalf of South Bend's leading industrial firm was a perfect job for Rockne. Despite the legendary halftime talks and transparent inspirational devices he sometimes employed, Rockne was a man who deeply respected the role he had been handed in life. Though he had received offers to coach at other colleges which would have more than doubled the \$10,000 annual salary Notre Dame paid him, Rockne preferred to stay at the school he loved.

Next week: Coles Phenix concludes his examination of the Rockne legend and scrutinizes the Gipper, the player who became almost as mythical a figure as his coach



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Yesterday

by BYRON ROGERS

THIS ANGLER CAUGHT A FISH SO LARGE THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO LIE ABOUT IT

Alec Allen made the front page of our local paper, the *Carmarthen Journal*, three times. The second time was when he died in March of 1972. Alongside the brief obituary was a photograph of a small man wearing a Fair Isle pullover and baggy trousers as he slouched against the base of a railroad trestle, his hands in his pockets, a cigarette in his mouth. It was a typical '30s snapshot, except for one thing, a fish dangling from the trestle. At first glance it looked like the biggest herring in history. It was a good four feet longer than Allen was tall. Closer study revealed that size was not the fish's only unique quality; its head ended in a dark snout and its body appeared to be armored. But it was not merely the creature's unusual appearance that lent a strangeness to the photo. Behind Allen and the fish were a farm gate and, beyond that, a field. What was the newspaper reader to make of a man posing in a Welsh farmyard alongside something of the size and conformation of a shark?

Allen again made the *Journal* three weeks later when his friends scattered his ashes in the River Towy, where he had fished all his life. The location was of his choosing. It was the spot where, 40 years earlier, Allen had landed the largest fish ever caught in a British river.

There is an Angler's Prayer one still comes upon occasionally, painted on old mugs in fishing inns.

LORD, GRANT THAT I MAY CATCH A
FISH SO BIG THAT EVEN I,
WHEN SPEAKING OF IT AFTERWARDS,
MAY HAVE NO CAUSE TO LIE.

Allen did exactly that. He caught a fish so big that it would have taken two large men, their arms fully outstretched, to approximate its length. But Allen did more than that. He had gone fishing for salmon that day but caught something so peculiar, so far removed from even the footnotes of angling, that a grown man who was present rin off shouting in horror across the fields. That was the first time Allen made the paper. The edi-

tion of July 29, 1933 reported that he had lended a mammoth surgeon in the Towy near Carmarthen.

Allen was a commercial traveler from Penarth in Glamorganshire. In his youth he was a well-known sportsman, and in later life he made something of a reputation as a hockey referee; he even officiated at Olympic matches. In 1933 he was in his early 40s, one of that odd breed of innocents one comes upon in the literature of the period, the sporting bachelor. His great delight was fishing.

At the time, Allen was a salesman for a firm of fishing-tackle manufacturers. His father, also an avid fisherman, was a traveler for a wallpaper firm. The two of them somehow managed to make their rounds in the same car. Their commercial beat was West Wales, an area concentrated around the rivers Wye, Tefy and Towy, and it was well known that their business trips were scheduled to facilitate their fishing. Off they went, their car full of tackle and wallpaper, on journeys perfectly arranged so that the stopovers occurred at inns beside fishing rivers. The traveling may have been a bit strenuous on those days when the wallpaper shops to be visited were at a distance from the best fishing spots, but the Allens hardly seemed to mind.

Their favorite river was the Towy, which ambled through an 18th-century world of ruined castles and rounded hills until it reached Carmarthen. The Allens had rented a stretch of the Towy, upstream from the town, that included some of the deepest pools. The summer of 1933 was a dry one, and the water level was unusually low. One July evening, while walking along the riverbank, the younger Allen saw enormous waves abruptly cross one of the pools. It puzzled him at the time, but when he told a friend about it later, Allen had no suspicion that the waves might have been made by a living thing. But it was 15 miles to the sea, and tidal wave ended two miles downriver from the pool. A few evenings later, Allen and a fishing companion, Edwin Lewis, returned to the spot. Allen began fishing. He soon felt a slight tug on his line. He pulled on it but to no effect.

David Price, a friend of Allen, recounted a description of this moment given him by Allen. "Alec thought he'd hooked a log," Price said. "He couldn't see what it was, except that it was something huge in the shadows. Then the log began to move upstream." A faint smile came over Price's face. "Now Alec, he knew that logs don't move upstream."

Though he had eliminated a log as a possibility, Allen still had no idea of what was on the end of his line. A more imaginative man might have become terrified at that moment, because Allen's line was jerking rapidly and was under greater force than he had ever known before. He had hooked something that moved with the strength of a shark. Allen played his catch for 20 minutes, letting the line out when it swam away from him, retreating up the bank to take up the slack when it came back. Because of the low water, there was no deep channel out of the pool; had there been, no salmon line would have held the catch.

Then Allen saw it. The maddened creature suddenly leaped out of the water and crashed into a shallow run, where it lay, partially exposed. A startled bystander ran off shouting for his life, but Allen and Lewis sprang into action. Lewis ran forward with a steel gaff. He stuck it into the fish, but the fish moved, straightening the gaff. Then the great tail flicked up and struck Lewis, throwing him up the bank. There was a large rock on the bank. Allen dropped his rod, grabbed the rock and lurched into the

continued





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YESTERDAY continued

water to beat the fish on the head with it. He struck again and again before the creature finally died. When the battle was over, the two men looked down at the fish in complete bewilderment. Neither had any idea what it was.

A more immediate problem was how to get it out of the river. Allen hurried to a nearby farm and asked to borrow a horse and cart. The farmer asked why Allen said he had caught a fish. After further explanations, the farmer, the farmer's family, his dogs and his horse and his cart all proceeded to the river. So did much of the local citizenry.

"Alec came running to my house," recalled Price, who lived nearby. "I'd never seen him look so excited. He said over and over, 'I've caught something this time you'll never beat.' I went back with him, and they'd got it up on that trestle. People were coming in cars and carts. They were even ferrying children across the river. It had these big scales, I remember, and was very slimy. It was black and white in color. No, I wasn't frightened." Price added patiently. "It was dead."

As the crowd gathered, it was determined that the fish was a sturgeon. Then someone remembered that, by ancient law, a sturgeon had to be offered to the king before an angler could keep it. A telegram was sent to Buckingham Palace the next morning, and a stiff little reply came back saying that His Majesty was not in residence. So Allen sold the fish to a man from Swansea, who paid £2 10 shillings for it, about \$10. That worked out to something like a penny, ha! penny a pound. (Forty years later Allen's friends were still bitter about the price. Salmon at the time was two shillings and sixpence, or 52¢ per pound.) The fish by then had been found to weigh 388 pounds and to be nine feet, two inches long, with a girth of 59 inches. It is still the largest fish ever caught in a British river. There was so much caviar in the sturgeon that it spilled out onto the farmyard, where the pigs ate it. For them, life was never the same again.

According to Price, Allen, who fished until his death at age 77 in 1972, seldom mentioned his record sturgeon in his later years. "The few times he did was when he heard anglers going on about their catches," Price said. "Then Alec would say very quietly, 'Well, this was the biggest I ever caught,' and show the photograph of him and his fish. And then they'd say, 'Good God.'"

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

TOED YOU SO Sir:

I guess Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll, Philadelphia Coach Dick Vermeil and New Orleans Coach Dick Nolan have more faith in their rookie kickers than SI's Joe Marshall has (*Trying To Get Their Feet in the Door*, Aug. 27). Pittsburgh gave the ax to Roy Gerela despite his two 48-yards, Philadelphia cut veteran Nick Mike-Mayer and New Orleans is going to stick with Russell Erbeben for punting and placekicking. To clear up Marshall's question about which town Matt Bahr will see Tony Dungy in, it will be San Francisco. Dungy was dealt by the Steelers to the 49ers for a future draft choice.

SEAN CROON
Buffalo

TITLE SEARCH Sir:

Once again Frank Deford has written an accurate and to-the-point review of one of Hollywood's sports movies, *North Dallas Forty* (MOVIES, Aug. 27). However, I was surprised that a writer as sharp as Deford was baffled that there is "never any explanation of what the 'forty' refers to" in the title of the movie. North Dallas was the location of the Cowboys' practice facilities, and 40 was the number of players on an NFL roster when Peter Gent wrote the book.

GARY GOLDSMITH
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

I have just reread for the fourth time your review of *North Dallas Forty*. It is by far the most review of a good movie I've ever read. Also, the title, as most people figured out quite easily, refers to a cattle ranch: as in "Go round up the strays in the north forty."

WALLY HALL
Arkansas Democrat
Little Rock, Ark.

Sir:

North forty means the north 40 acres, as any farm boy knows.

KELLEY THOMAS
San Diego

• Reader Goldsmith has it right; there were 40 players and they practiced in North Dallas. Author Gent adds that he also intended a modest double entendre on the old joke: "My daddy's got a little farm in Texas. Forty acres, Downtown Dallas."—ED.

SCHMIDT'S HIT Sir:

In his article *An Ongoing Fungoer* (Aug. 27) Bill Colson states that although the roof of the Astrodome "remains a favorite target

of fun-loving fungoers, it has never been hit during a game." Correct me if I am wrong, but I believe Mike Schmidt of the Phillies did hit it a few years back with a ball that was described as the longest single ever.

KEVIN VOORHEES
Mount Holly, N.J.

• Schmidt only came close, hitting a public-address loudspeaker suspended from the roof.—ED.

BROKEN DREAM Sir:

The story of Rick DeMont (*The Golden Moment*, Aug. 20) is incredible and appalling. After reading it, why would any young athlete with such an ailment want to risk a similar fate at the hands of U.S. Olympic Team physicians? SI's fresh look at this sad tale reveals that at least two facts remain unchanged. First, DeMont never conceded his use of Marax—in fact, his listing of the medication as required was virtually ignored by the medical authorities. Second, by their claims of innocence through ignorance, the physicians involved seemed to show a lack of concern about DeMont's illness and about the fact that the stress of such athletic competition might even exacerbate his asthma.

Let's hope DeMont makes the 1980 Olympic Team and try to forget this sad incident, which is an embarrassment to our country and to our Olympic Team.

RICHARD A. GOODMAN, M.D.
Decatur, Ga.

Sir:

The implication in Jerry Kirshenbaum's article is that Dr. Dan Hanley acted improperly, or at least incorrectly, in his handling of the Rick DeMont matter. The truth is that Dan Hanley is a good man who has dedicated his career and his life to helping young people. The only thing he ever asked of those whom he helped was that they be honest with him as well as with themselves. Perhaps this is really where DeMont stumbled.

There are hundreds of men and women, myself included, who owe Dr. Hanley an immeasurable debt. As the college physician at Bowdoin, his wise counsel, his encouragement and his willingness to involve himself in our lives sustained many of us during our college careers. And his insistence on excellence and moral and intellectual honesty provided us with the foundation upon which we could build successful lives.

GERARD O. HAYLAND
Farmington, Conn.

Sir:

I am a 15-year-old above-average swim-

mer who has a problem with asthma on occasion, and I often take the drug Marax to make breathing easier. I have found that when I take this drug before a meet, it does not give me extra strength. To the contrary, it sometimes makes me tired. The injustice done to Rick DeMont is unforgivable.

KEVIN TAYLOR
Higganum, Conn.

WORMS Sir:

Although I'm not a sports fan, I am a regular reader of SI. That is, I regularly read the contents page, looking for stories by Bill Gilbert. He can take the most mundane of subjects—such as worms (*They Crawl by Night*, Aug. 27)—and produce an article that enlightens and entertains. I may still mutter "yeesh" every time I come across an earthworm in my garden, but I will say it in a more respectful tone. Through Gilbert's writing, I have traveled to places I'll never visit, have stood in awe of vistas I'll never see and have become friends with people I'll never meet. Few contemporary writers have held my interest—or earned my respect—as has Gilbert.

MARTHA GRIEST
Benderville, Pa.

STOCK ANSWER Sir:

As you aptly pointed out in your wonderful Silver Anniversary issue (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Aug. 13), "Obviously the public wanted a... literate sports weekly." You're right. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is the epitome of a quality sports publication.

You might imagine, then, the conservatism of your discerning readers when the Aug. 27 issue arrived with a number of the stories printed on uncoated, pulp-magazine-type stock. A quality publication should have a quality look. Or at least there should have been an explanation for the change.

DAVID S. KAGAN
Grand Rapids

• The change is only temporary. In May, a plant belonging to one of the primary manufacturers of the coated stock SI uses was closed by a strike, and a serious paper shortage was feared. To ensure having enough paper to continue publishing in the event of a prolonged shutdown (the strike lasted six weeks), we purchased a supply of supercalendered, uncoated stock from producers outside the U.S. It is that paper that is appearing in certain sections of the magazine.—ED.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

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